BUDDY

and his WINTER FUN

HOWARD R. GARIS

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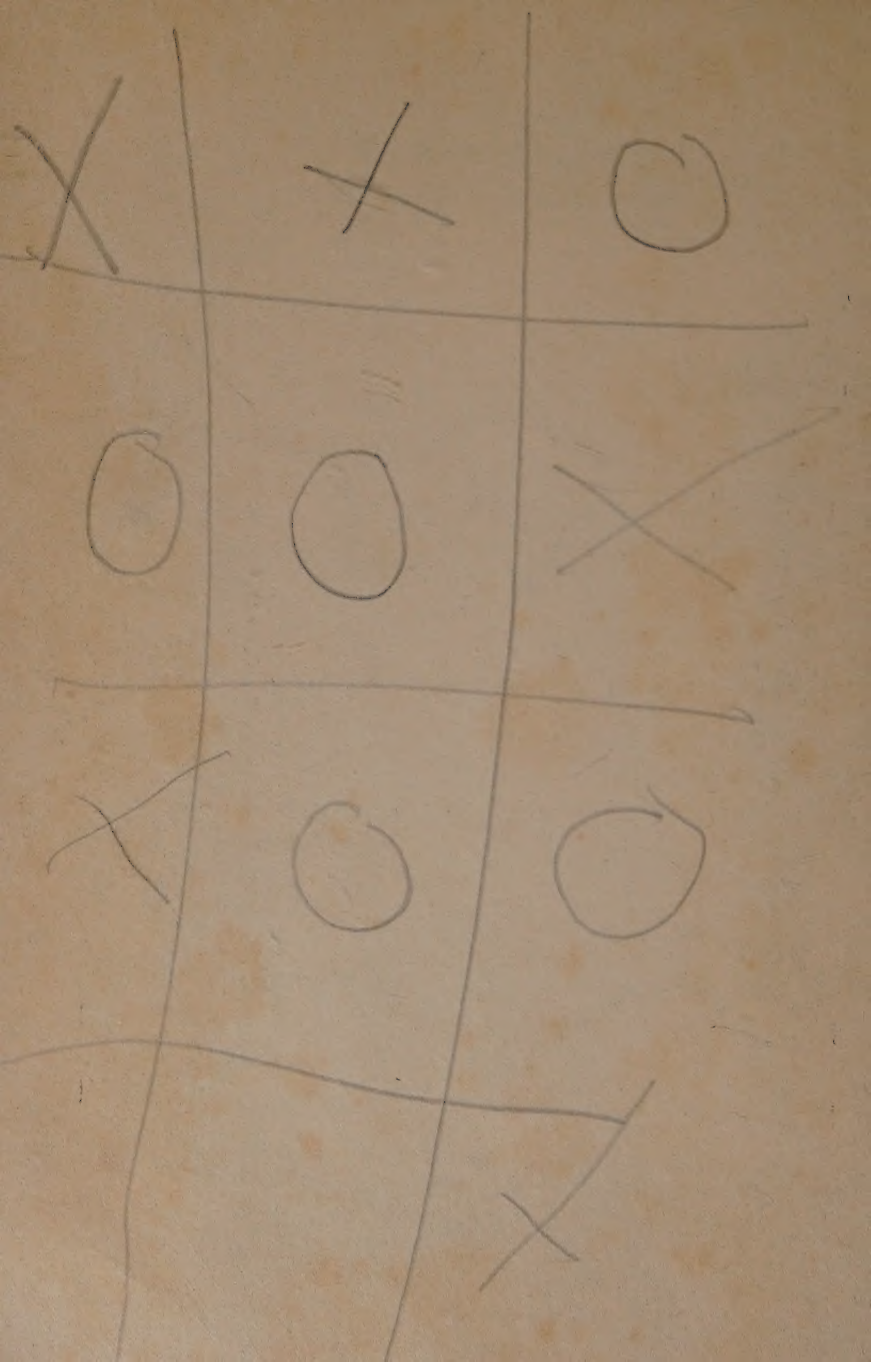

"WOW!" CRIED BUDDY AGAIN. "THIS IS GOING TO BE A QUEER RACE."

Buddy and His Winter Fun

or

A Boy in A Snow Camp

BY

HOWARD R. GARIS

Author of "Buddy on the Farm," "Buddy in School," The "Curlytop" Books, The "Uncle Wiggily" Books, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

THE BUDDY BOOKS

By HOWARD R. GARIS

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated.

BUDDY ON THE FARM
Or, A Boy and His Prize Pumpkin

BUDDY IN SCHOOL
Or, A Boy and His Dog

BUDDY AND HIS WINTER FUN
Or, A Boy In a Snow Camp

(Other volumes in preparation)

CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Buddy and His Winter Fun

Printed in U. S. A.

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BUDDY AND HIS WINTER FUN

CHAPTER I

THE BIG NOISE

"NOW, children," said Miss Thatcher as she stood in front of her class in Clover School, "we have all had a fine Christmas vacation and I hope you have come back to your desks ready to study hard. Have you?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Thatcher!" exclaimed Buddy Martyne and he spoke louder than he intended. Some of the other boys and girls laughed a little, and even Miss Thatcher smiled. She really did not expect an answer to her question. But that Buddy boy was always very quick.

"Well," went on Miss Thatcher, "I am glad to know that at least *one* of my pupils is going to study and I am sure you all are. As

I said, we have had a good vacation during the Christmas holidays. Now we must work and study."

"I had a lot of fun at Christmas!" exclaimed fat Agnes Fleck. "I got a——"

There was more laughter when Agnes spoke and Miss Thatcher had to hold up her hand for silence.

"I really did not mean to have all this talk," went on the teacher with a smile, "though I don't blame you, Buddy and Agnes, for speaking out as you did. But we must not waste any more time. We must take our books and begin to study. Later in the day we may have a period when I will listen to what you did over the Christmas holidays. But now we will go on with the reading lesson. I will call on Buddy Martyne to start and if he——"

Suddenly there was a loud hissing noise in the class room. Everyone looked around.

"Who did that?" asked the teacher quickly, getting up from her chair on the little raised

platform in the front of the room. "Who hissed like a goose?"

"Maybe it was a snake," said Buddy Martyne before he thought. Very often Buddy spoke before he thought.

"Oh—a snake!" exclaimed Mary Norse and she moved over in her seat, closer to fat Agnes Fleck as if Agnes, being such a big girl, would be able to drive away a snake.

"Snakes don't come out in winter time!" said Tom Gordon.

"Anyhow a snake wouldn't come in school!" spoke Harry Clee.

"Buddy's dog came to school once and so did a little kitten!" exclaimed Mary. "Maybe a snake would, too!"

"Children! Children!" called Miss Thatcher tapping on her desk with a pencil. "I can't have all this talking in class! Of course there are no snakes, or any other animals in our room, though once a kitten did get in my waste paper basket. But who hissed like a goose?" she asked. Her voice was stern.

No one answered for a moment. All the children had heard that hissing noise and many of them, who had been to the country for their summer vacations, knew that geese hissed. Then Buddy spoke again, even though the teacher had said she did not want so much talking.

"Maybe it's a frog instead of a snake," said Buddy.

"There is no frog here!" went on Miss Thatcher. "I think it was some boy who made the hissing noise, and if he did it was very silly of him. Geese are said to be silly and I must say that any boy who would hiss in school is as silly as any goose!"

There was some laughter at this but it did not last long.

"Now we will go on with our reading," said Miss Thatcher. "Turn to page sixty-three, Buddy and——"

Once more, above the teacher's voice, sounded that hissing noise. This time Miss Thatcher seemed to be quite angry.

"This must stop!" she said sharply, and again she tapped a pencil on the top of her desk. "Now I am going to put you all on your honor," she added. "I am going to ask the boy who did that hissing to stand up. Remember you are on your honor, and if the boy who did it does not stand up it is almost the same as if he told an untruth."

The room was very still and quiet now. If any one had dropped a pin it could have been heard in the farthest corner. But no one dropped a pin. Nor was that hissing sound heard again.

"Well, I am waiting," said Miss Thatcher and there was a slight noise as if some boy had moved his feet along the floor. But no one stood up.

"I will not punish the boy who hissed, this time," said Miss Thatcher. "But I want to know who it was. And I hope he will be manly enough to stand up and not keep silent, which is the same as telling an untruth."

Some of the girls could be heard to breathe

heavily now. It was a terrible thing, they thought, to have such a boy in the room. And suppose, after all, it should turn out to have been a girl who hissed like a goose? That would be more terrible!

"Well," said Miss Thatcher and her voice was rather sad, "I am sorry to know that I have such a boy in my class. I would not have believed it. I wonder——"

Suddenly the hissing was louder than before and it seemed to come from the side of the room where there were heating pipes. Buddy Martyne looked that way and saw a little cloud of steam. Again, almost before he thought what he was doing, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Thatcher, it wasn't a boy that hissed! And it wasn't a goose! It was the steam pipes! Look!"

He pointed to where the little cloud of vapor was floating above the radiator near a window, and Miss Thatcher turned her head in that direction. What she saw caused her quickly to get up from her platform chair.

"The steam pipes helped to make the noise," said the teacher, "but not altogether. It was these icicles that melted and the water from them, dripping down on the pipes, hissed as it turned to steam. But who put these icicles on the window sill?"

She held up a hand full of what had been long, slender slivers of glittering ice, but which now, in the warm room, had partly melted and had become short and stumpy.

"Who brought these icicles in school?" asked the teacher and again her voice was sharp. She looked from one boy to another. She did not look on the girls' side of the room. Perhaps she thought that no girl in her class would do such a thing.

"Dear me! This is dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Thatcher. "Isn't the boy who played this trick going to be man enough to stand up and say so?"

It was a trick that had been played. Everyone in the class knew that. For the icicles had been laid on the window sill just above

the largest radiator in the room and whoever had done it must have known that when the icicles began to melt they would drip down and make a hissing sound on the hot pipes.

Then Jake Turner, one of the oldest boys in the room, slowly rose to his feet. His face was quite red.

"Well, Jake," said Miss Thatcher, softly, for she saw that he needed a little help to get over what he was going to say. "Have you anything to tell us?"

"Yes'm—Miss Thatcher—I—er—now—I—I brought those icicles in school," stammered Jake.

"Oh, did you?" and Miss Thatcher's voice was almost as cool as the lumps of frozen water which she now threw out of the window into the snow that was piled all about Clover School. "And why did you do that?"

"I—er—now—I—I thought maybe you would tell us how icicles are made, after we—now—got through the reading lesson," went on Jake. "I broke 'em off the coal shed roof

and I brought 'em in and laid 'em on the window sill and I—er—now—I——"

"Didn't you know the heat of the steam would melt your icicles and make a hissing sound when the water dripped down on the hot pipes?" asked the teacher, and she was smiling now, for she was glad Jake had been manly enough to tell the truth.

"Didn't you, Jake?" she asked as he remained silent.

Jake hung his head and his face was redder than before.

"I—I—er—now—I guess I didn't think," mumbled the boy and all the other boys and girls felt sorry for him. Jake was not one of the bright pupils and often he did things that were very mischievous and tricky. But he was a good boy for all that.

"Well, Jake," said Miss Thatcher as he sat down, "I am glad you owned up to the truth. There was no great harm in what you did, as long as you did not intend to make trouble. And after the reading lesson I shall be glad

to tell you, and all the class, something about icicles."

Often Miss Thatcher gave little talks on the wonders of nature to her pupils. In summer she told about fruits and flowers and in winter about frost and ice, and how snow flakes were beautiful crystals. Once she brought a magnifying glass to school and, catching some snow flakes on a piece of black velvet, let her boys and girls see, through the microscope, what wonderful shapes the flakes took on as they were turned from drops of rain, high in the air, into forms like stars as they reached the earth.

Jake Turner knew this, and, as he was not fond of regular study he thought it would be a fine thing if the teacher took an hour to talk to the class about icicles, telling how they were slowly formed by water, one drop after another freezing in the cold air.

"Now, Buddy, we will go on with the reading," said Miss Thatcher with a smile, and Buddy stood up at his desk. But before he

could begin there came another noise—a much bigger noise than the hissing of the melting icicles.

It was a noise that sounded in the cellar of the school, and seemed to shake the whole building. At the same time, outside the windows of Miss Thatcher's class, could be seen clouds of white smoke.

"Oh, the school's on fire!" cried fat Agnes Fleck. "I guess the boiler blew up! The school's on fire!"

In another moment there would have been a wild rush for the door, but as the echoes of the big noise died away Miss Thatcher hurried to the piano and began to play. At once the boys and girls quieted.

CHAPTER II

NO MORE SCHOOL

"CLANG!"

That was the musical chord Miss Thatcher always played when she wanted the boys and girls to sit quietly in their seats before they stood up to march out.

"Te-dum!"

That was another musical chord the teacher always played as a signal for her pupils to stand in the aisles, beside their desks, ready to march out.

And the playing of this music, which the children had so often heard, made them quiet down and act as they always did just before class was to be let out. Though every one knew that this was not the usual dismissing of school.

Something had happened. But what was it?

Nervously, though not a boy or girl moved from the aisles, they all looked out of the windows and saw those white clouds, like smoke, floating around.

"Steady now, girls and boys!" came the quiet voice of Miss Thatcher, and, in the silence that followed, Buddy and his playmates could hear pianos being played as marching signals in other rooms up and down the hall. "We are going to have a fire drill!" went on the teacher.

"Oh, if it's only fire drill it's all right," whispered Mary Norse to fat Agnes Fleck.

"It looks like a real fire," said Agnes, nodding toward the windows. "All that smoke!"

"That isn't smoke—it's steam, just like the steam from the melted icicles!" exclaimed Buddy who knew the difference between steam and smoke.

"Quiet, please!" ordered Miss Thatcher. She was waiting for the fire drill signal bells to ring out in the hall, which signal would mean that it was time to send her pupils

marching down the corridor. And not only Miss Thatcher, but many other teachers in Clover School, knew that this was something more than just a practice fire drill such as was often held.

Something had happened down in the basement, where the heating boilers were, to cause all that steam. And that big, shaking noise. Yes, something had happened.

Suddenly there was a jingle and jangle of ringing bells in the different halls. Then the bell in Miss Thatcher's room tinkled and at once the teacher called:

"Ready! March! But keep in line! Keep in step! And don't hurry! I want to see my pupils march out the most orderly class in the school! Buddy, you will lead the boys and Mary Norse will lead the girls! March!"

Miss Thatcher began playing a lively tune. Other teachers were doing the same in their rooms and soon the different classes began to mingle in the wide corridors and march toward the closets where their hats and winter

garments hung. After getting these, they marched into the yard.

Buddy Martyne held his head up proudly and walked with firm steps at the head of the boys in his class. In the line next to him Mary marched, leading the girls. The two young leaders looked neither to left nor right, for such were the orders.

But as he got out into the hall, Buddy began to sniff sharply with his nose. He was trying to smell smoke from burning wood and he was glad when he could not. He knew what a sharp, sneezing smell burning wood has, for he often helped boil maple syrup over an open fire at his grandfather's farm in the country.

"I guess it isn't a fire after all," said Tom Gordon when he and Buddy, behind whom he marched, were near the outer door.

"Well, where did all that smoke come from then?" asked Harry Clee. "Look at it now, coming out of the basement windows!"

He pointed to white clouds of vapor floating

from the low openings of the school cellar.

"'Tisn't smoke, I tell you!" said Buddy. "It's only steam!"

"Well, when there's a fire and the engines pump water on it that makes steam," exclaimed Jake Turner.

"There aren't any engines here!" said Buddy.

"And I don't hear any coming," added Tom. "I don't believe it's a fire."

"Maybe they just wanted to make us think there was one, so Mr. Austin let some steam out of his boiler to pretend it was smoke so we'd do better in the fire drill," suggested Harry.

"I don't believe our janitor would do that," spoke Buddy. "But a lot of steam came from some place just the same."

By this time all the boys and girls of Clover School were out in the yard. Their teachers followed and then, last, like the captain of a ship, came Mr. Pardin, the principal.

"Boys and girls!" called Mr. Pardin when

there was silence enough in the yard so that he could be heard, "every one is now safely out of the school and no one has been hurt, though there has been an accident."

"An accident!" gasped fat Agnes Fleck. Agnes was very excitable for such a jolly, fat girl. "Oh—an accident!"

"Quiet, please!" ordered Miss Thatcher, who stood near her pupils.

"One of the steam boilers in the basement has cracked and exploded," went on the principal, "though the explosion was only a small one and no one was in the least hurt."

"See, I told you it was steam!" whispered Buddy to his chums Harry and Tom.

"Quiet!" ordered Miss Thatcher again, and she shook her finger at Buddy and then smiled.

"There has been no fire," said the principal, "but we thought it best to have a fire drill to get you all out in order. And you did it very nicely. I am proud of you!"

This made even the big boys and girls in

the High School classes feel pleased with themselves.

Buddy and his chums were waiting for Mr. Pardin's next words. Always, on other days when there had been fire drills, without any fire, or boiler explosion accident, the pupils had marched back to their classes after a short stay in the yard about the school. But this was going to be different.

"Attention, boys and girls!" suddenly called the principal again.

Buddy and all the others stood quietly listening.

"Go back to your rooms," went on Mr. Pardin, "gather up your books, papers and anything else you have in your desks and then —go home!"

"Go home!" exclaimed Buddy in surprise and several others murmured the same words.

"Yes, go home," said the principal again. "There will be no more school for a long time —several weeks, perhaps."

"No more school!"

"No more lessons! Hurray! Hurray!"

"No more books to study!"

Boys and girls standing around Buddy and his friends were saying those words over and over again.

What did it mean?

And while they are wondering about it there will be a moment in which something can be said about Buddy Martyne and his adventures. For Buddy had many adventures, as those of you know who have read the other books about him. The first volume is called "Buddy on the Farm; or, A Boy and His Prize Pumpkin." In that story you may read how Buddy earned money enough to buy a wonderful pair of roller skates.

The second book is "Buddy in School; or, A Boy and His Dog," and it tells how the little lad found a dog, which he named Brick, and which he taught to do several tricks. Brick was taken away by a Gypsy but Buddy got his pet back in time to do his act in the Red Cross show. It was very jolly and exciting.

Buddy Martyne was a blue eyed and red haired boy who lived with his father and mother in the half-city half-country town of Mountchester. He was very fond of fun, was Buddy, "and mischief, too," as Lola Wagg, the hired girl, used to say.

Among Buddy's chums were Tom Gordon, Harry Clee and Charlie Taylor, to say nothing of Brick, the dog. These boys and Brick had many good times together. After the Red Cross show, in which Brick took such a fine part, there had been jolly good times at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

There had been no sessions during the Christmas and New Year holiday season, of course, but now, on the first day of coming back to their classes, after this early winter vacation, something had happened which meant no more school for the boys and girls.

Wasn't it exciting?

At least Buddy and his friends thought so.

"I wonder why there isn't going to be any more school for a long while?" asked Agnes.

As if he had heard her question Mr. Pardin answered, saying:

"One of the boilers that heat our school has broken. That is why you saw so much steam. We cannot hold classes in a cold school, so you may all go home and do what studying you can by yourselves, until we get a new boiler. It may take a month. When the school can be warmed again, your parents will get notice by mail that classes are to begin. So, now, go home!"

With whoops of delight the smaller boys and girls hurried back into their rooms for their books. Some of the older boys and girls in the High School were really sorry they could not keep on with their lessons.

"But I'm not!" laughed Buddy, as, catching up his strap of books, he began to run toward his home. "Brick and I will have a lot of fun this winter in the snow! Hurray!"

On ran Buddy to get his dog which was kept chained near a warm kennel while his little master was in school. Mrs. Martyne

thought perhaps Brick might run off and follow Buddy to class unless kept chained.

"Ho, Brick!" called Buddy when he was near his house. "Ho, Brick!"

In the still, cold, wintry air the boy's voice carried a long distance. Brick heard and answered with several loud barks.

"I'm coming, Brick!" cried Buddy. "I'm coming!"

But as he got in front of his house the red haired boy saw, standing on the steps, a messenger from the telegraph office in Main Street. In his hand this messenger held a yellow envelope.

"Hello!' called Buddy as he went into the yard.

"Hello!" greeted the messenger. "Does Mr. Martyne live here?"

"Yes," Buddy answered. "He's my father but he isn't home. He's down at his law office."

"Well, if your mother's home she can sign for this telegram, I guess," said the messen-

ger. "I've been ringing the bell but no one has answered."

Just then Lola Wagg, the housemaid, opened the door and as soon as she saw the yellow envelope she exclaimed:

"Oh, a telegram! That's bad luck! I hope nothing has happened!" And then, catching sight of Buddy, she asked: "What are you doing home this time of day? Oh, I'm sure something has happened!"

Without signing the book, which the messenger held out to her, Lola left the door open and ran back through the hall crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Martyne! Something terrible has happened! Buddy's home from school and there's a man at the door with a telephone—I mean a telegram—and it's bad luck! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

CHAPTER III

UP IN A TREE

"WHAT'S the matter with her?" the messenger asked of Buddy, who stood at the bottom step wondering what it was all about.

"Matter with who?" inquired the red haired boy who had run home, almost out of breath, with the surprising news that there was to be no more school.

"That girl—why did she run away when I wanted her to take this telegram?" went on the messenger.

"Oh, Lola is funny!" said Buddy with a laugh. "I'll call my mother."

"You don't have to, you can sign the book just as well—it's all paid," said the tall young man who had ridden from the telegraph office, in the middle of Mountchester, out to the

Martyne home on his bicycle. "That is if you can write your name," he added—as he looked at the blue eyed boy.

"Of course I can write my name!" said Buddy. "Don't I go to school?"

"You aren't in school now and you ought to be if you go," said the messenger with a laugh as he held out his black, oilcloth covered book with the telegram inside. "Why aren't you in school now? It's too early for school to be out."

"The boiler blew up and there won't be any heat in our school so we all came home and we're going to have a winter vacation," said Buddy. "And I'm glad of it!"

"Oh, so that's how it is!" exclaimed the telegram messenger. "Well, if you can write your name, sign my book and I'll hop along. That hired girl of yours sure is queer—running away from a telegram. There's no harm in 'em. I deliver lots of 'em every day and most folks are glad to get 'em."

Buddy's mother came to the open door as

he was looking at the yellow envelope in his hand, wondering from whom it had come. It was addressed to his father.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Martyne in surprise. "Oh, Buddy, why are you home from school so early, and why did Lola run away and leave this door open to let in all the cold air?"

"I guess she was so scared about the telegram that she didn't know what she was doing," said Buddy, answering his mother's last question first.

"What telegram?" inquired Mrs. Martyne.

"This one—for Daddy," said Buddy.

"Oh, it's about business I suppose," said Mrs. Martyne taking the yellow envelope. "It should have gone to his office. I'll telephone him about it. But why are you home from school?"

"There isn't any school!" answered Buddy and he laughed. "I mean," he went on, "there isn't going to be any more school for a long time on account of a boiler getting

cracked and a lot of steam coming out in all the rooms. So Mr. Pardin sent us home. And I'm glad—I don't mean I'm glad 'cause the boiler cracked," the red haired boy made haste to say, "but I'm glad I can stay home for a while so I can play with Brick. Is he out in the yard?"

"Yes, I guess so," Mrs. Martyne answered. She was looking at the telegram envelope. "And it seems to me," she went on, "that you have been out of school enough already this winter, Buddy, with the long Christmas holidays."

"Can't help it!" called back Buddy as he ran around the corner of the house to his dog's kennel in the back yard. "We can't have school if there's no heat."

"No, I suppose not," agreed his mother. "Well, I must tell your father about this telegram," and she went in to telephone to Mr. Martyne at his law office down town.

"Hi, old Brick!" shouted Buddy as he ran toward his dog and Brick barked loudly,

wagged his tail as if to shake it off and tried to break loose from his chain to greet his beloved small master. "Now we can have a lot of fun this winter!" went on Buddy. "There's no more school for a long time! Hurray!"

He loosed Brick from the kennel chain and soon the dog and boy were romping about. A little later Buddy and Brick ran across the lots to join Tom Gordon and Harry Clee who were building a snow fort.

It was noon, as Buddy knew by the blowing of the factory whistles, when the fort was finished and he exclaimed:

"I've got to go home to dinner. Come on, Brick!" He whistled to his dog who was running about sniffing at holes in the snow. "I'll be over after a while and we'll have a snow fight," said Buddy to his two chums.

"Sure!" said Harry. "We'll have a dandy fight!"

"What fun—no school in winter!" yelled Tom standing on his head in a snow bank.

As Buddy ran home, he began to wonder what was in the telegram which had so excited Lola. And when he saw his father going up the front steps just ahead of him, Buddy began to think that perhaps, after all, the yellow message might have brought bad news. Else why would his father come home at this hour of the day? Almost always Mr. Martyne had his lunch down town near his law office.

"Well, Buddy, I see you're all right, anyhow," spoke Mr. Martyne as he waited for his son and the dog to reach the front gate.

"Yes, Daddy, I'm all right and so is Brick," Buddy answered. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"I heard there was an accident at Clover School this morning," went on Mr. Martyne, "so I came home in a hurry to find out about it. But first I telephoned your mother and she said you were all right."

"Nobody was hurt when the boiler cracked," Buddy stated. "But I signed my name for a telegram to you, Daddy."

"Yes, so Mother said. That's another reason I came home this noon. I was expecting that telegram. It should have gone to my office. It's about something I must do. But you had better come in to lunch, now, Buddy."

"I'm going to, Daddy! I'm hungry!" said the red haired boy with a laugh. "I'll be in as soon as I fasten Brick to his kennel."

Buddy found it hard to part from Brick, who did not like being left alone in the kennel.

"But you eat your dinner and I'll eat mine," said Buddy to his pet, "and then we'll play all the rest of the afternoon."

Buddy found his father and mother at the table, when, after a quick wash up in the bath room, he slid down the banister rail to take his own place at one end. Mr. and Mrs. Martyne were talking about the telegram that had just come, for it lay opened at Mr. Martyne's plate.

"Then we can take Buddy with us," Mrs. Martyne said as the blue eyed boy slid into his chair. Buddy, who had been looking anx-

iously at the table to see what there was to eat, was suddenly excited on hearing this.

"Take me where?" he cried. "What's the matter? Where are we going? Is there anything the matter—that telegram—" he pointed to it.

"Nothing has really happened," his father said. "I mean there is no bad news, such as Lola thinks must always come when there is a telegram. But I shall soon have to go up to Glenford, to a big lumber camp, to look after some business for a man, and, as I may have to stay there several weeks, I was thinking of taking your mother with me."

"Oh—take Mother!" murmured Buddy. "Well, what about me?"

"Since your school has closed, my dear," said Mrs. Martyne looking at her somewhat excited, small son, "we have decided to take you with us."

"Take me where?" Buddy wanted to know.

"To the lumber camp near Glenford."

"In the snow?" cried Buddy in delight.

"Yes, in the snow," went on his father. "That is when most of the lumber cutting is done—in the snow. It will be a sort of snow camp."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Buddy in delight, sliding out of his chair to dance around the room. "We're going to Glenford! Why! Why!" he went on with shining eyes, "that's where Grandpa Martyne lives; isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Martyne, "we shall stay at Grandpa's farm in Glenford while Daddy attends to business at the lumber camp, which isn't far off."

"Oh, what fun! Oh, what fun!" sang Buddy. "And can I take my dog? When are we going? Shall I pack up now?" he cried, still dancing about the room.

"Of course you can take Brick," said Mr. Martyne. "But you needn't pack at once. We can't go for a week."

"So now sit down and eat your lunch," advised Buddy's mother.

"Oh, but I can take Brick! To Glenford!

To the snow camp! I'll help the lumbermen cut trees! Hurray! I must go tell Brick!" shouted Buddy.

He was about to hurry from the room, though his father and mother called to him to come back and eat his lunch, when the door suddenly opened and Lola came in.

"Oh, something else has happened!" she gasped. "I knew something would happen from that telephone—I mean telegram!"

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Martyne. "Has the pie burned?"

"No, but Brick—that dog—he's up in a tree!" gasped the maid. "Oh, I never saw such a sight—a dog up in the big apple tree in the back yard! Oh, you'd better come!"

"Wow!" yelled Buddy making a regular football dive around Lola and for the door. "My dog up in a tree! I wonder what happened?"

CHAPTER IV

OFF TO SNOW CAMP

WHEN Buddy ran through the kitchen, on his way to the back yard, to see what had happened to Brick, he really did not expect to find his dog up in a tree, as Lola had said.

"I guess she's just scared about that telegram yet," thought Buddy to himself. "But there wasn't any bad luck in it—only good luck for me. I can go to a winter camp."

Buddy knew that near his dog's kennel was a large apple tree with some branches close to the ground. But it was not near enough for Brick to reach it, fastened as he was to his kennel by a strong chain.

"I don't see how Brick could get up in the tree!" thought Buddy as he opened the back kitchen door. "Lola must be wrong."

But when the red haired boy reached the yard he saw, plainly enough, that his dog was up in the low crotch, or Y shaped part, of the apple tree. Brick was loudly barking.

"Hi, Brick! What's the matter?" asked the boy.

He noticed that Brick was loose from the kennel and he thought that something must have excited his dog very much to cause Brick to break the strong chain.

"What is it, Brick?" asked Buddy again. "What's the matter?"

As if calling his small master's attention to something in the tree, Brick looked toward Buddy and then, pointing his nose upward, again barked loudly.

"How in the world did you get up there?" asked Buddy, not yet seeing anything to cause his dog to be so excited. Then, as if in answer to the question, Brick jumped down out of the low crotch of the apple tree, ran toward Buddy and, turning suddenly, the dog made a leap which took him up the scaly trunk and

again into the Y shaped place as neatly as if Brick had been a cat. And, as we all know, cats are very good tree climbers.

"Well, that's the first time I ever saw a dog climb a tree!" exclaimed Mr. Martyne who had hurried to the kitchen door, followed by his wife. Lola stood back of them, peering out to see what it was all about.

"Oh, Brick is a smart dog!" said Buddy. "Didn't he do a lot of tricks in the Red Cross show?"

"He did no such trick as climbing a tree," said Mrs. Martyne. "Why is he up there, Buddy, and how did he break his kennel chain?"

"He didn't break it," Buddy answered for he had looked at the chain and found it all right. "I guess I didn't fasten it to his collar very good. And— Oh, look—it's a *monkey* that Brick is barking at! See—a *monkey!*"

"*Monkey!* Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Martyne. "This isn't the tropics! And monkeys don't grow on apple trees!"

"But it *is* a monkey—look!" shouted Buddy, capering around the tree while Brick, still in the crotch, barked loudly. And Buddy pointed toward what seemed to be a small, brown bunch of fur on one of the upper branches. From the midst of the brown bunch peered two bright eyes and, as Mr. and Mrs. Martyne looked, they saw a long tail.

"Why it *is* a *monkey!*" said Buddy's mother in surprise. "Really!"

"So it is!" agreed Mr. Martyne. "However did a monkey get in our apple tree in the middle of winter?"

"He'll freeze, poor thing!" murmured Mrs. Martyne. "Monkeys can't stand cold weather."

"I guess he ran away out of a circus," suggested Lola. "And Brick saw him in our yard and chased him."

"That last part is true enough, I think," said Mr. Martyne. "The monkey surely got in our yard and Brick barked at it. Then the monkey climbed up the tree and Brick tried to

follow and so pulled loose from his chain."

"'Cause I didn't have it fastened good," said Buddy.

"But where in the world did the poor monkey come from?" asked Mrs. Martyne. "None of our neighbors have monkeys."

"Oh, I guess I know!" exclaimed Buddy. "Mr. Hack, the pet animal man, has monkeys. Maybe one got away from his shop."

"Well, he had better come and get it pretty soon," said Buddy's mother, "or the poor thing will catch cold."

"Maybe I can get the monkey down," suggested Buddy, and he started to climb the tree over Brick's head, though Mr. Martyne told him not to as he might fall.

"Oh, I can climb trees real good," said Buddy.

But as he began to climb so did the monkey, going higher and higher until it was soon in the very top of the tree. And while they were trying to quiet Brick and wondering how they could get the shivering little creature to come

down, Mr. Hack came hurrying into the yard. Some one had seen the monkey and had telephoned to the pet shop man.

"Yes, that's my Bomba," said Mr. Hack as he saw the little brown animal. "I missed him from his cage about an hour ago. I have been looking all over for him."

"Can you get him to come down before he catches cold?" asked Mrs. Martyne.

"I think so. If you will all please keep quiet," said the animal man, "I'll get him down. Bomba is frightened now and excited."

"We'll go in the house and take Brick with us," said Mr. Martyne.

Buddy whistled to his dog, and though Brick seemed to think it was his work to stay in the tree and watch that monkey, at last he was brought into the house. Then, from a window, when all was quiet in the yard, the Martyne family watched Mr. Hack hold out a peeled banana toward Bomba up in the tree.

The shivering monkey chattered a few

times, came down a little way, ran back again and then, being very hungry for a banana, at last climbed all the way down and jumped to Mr. Hack's shoulder where he cuddled up and began to eat the fruit as the pet shop keeper carried him into Buddy's house.

"Now he is all right," said Mrs. Martyne. "I hope the poor thing doesn't catch cold."

"I'll give him some warm milk with pepper in it as soon as I get him back to my store," said Mr. Hack, hurrying out to his auto which he had left chugging away to itself in the street. "I guess Bomba will be all right."

And the little monkey was, as Buddy learned later that day. Bomba did not catch cold.

"Well, that certainly was some excitement!" said Mr. Martyne with a laugh as he and his wife and Buddy went back to the table. "Did you fasten Brick well this time?" he asked the red haired boy.

"Oh, yes, Daddy. He can't break loose now even if an elephant came in our yard!"

"Well, I hope that doesn't happen!" spoke Mrs. Martyne with a laugh. "An elephant would break down our apple tree if he tried to climb up in it as Bomba did."

"Oh, Mother!" chuckled Buddy. "Elephants don't climb trees!"

"Well, he might try, or he might break down our clothes posts," said Mrs. Martyne smiling at her boy. "So I hope no elephants come."

And none did, though all the rest of the day Brick was eagerly on the lookout, thinking, very likely, that if a monkey came into his yard there was no telling what other kind of wild animal might not do the same.

At the lunch table Buddy and his father and mother talked more about the coming trip to the lumber, or "snow camp," as the blue eyed boy called it. The telegram was from a man for whom Mr. Martyne had done some law business and there was more business to do at the lumber camp. Buddy did not pay much heed to the business part of it.

"What I want," he said, "is to have some winter fun, now that school is closed."

"I think you'll have lots of fun up there on Grandpa Martyne's farm near Glenford," said Buddy's mother.

"Do you think Brick and I could stay all night in the lumber camp with the men, and eat pork and beans with molasses in?" the small boy asked. For he had heard, somewhere, that lumbermen are very fond of beans baked in molasses.

"We'll see," was all his mother would promise.

"Because," Buddy went on, "I wouldn't be afraid to stay all night in a lumber camp alone if I had Brick with me."

"If you had Brick you wouldn't be alone," his mother suggested with a laugh.

"No, that's so," Buddy admitted. "Well, anyhow, Brick and I will have a lot of fun."

That afternoon, when he went over to play at the snow fort with Tom and Harry, Buddy told about the monkey up in the tree and

also about going to the lumber snow camp.

"I wish I could go to some place like that!" sighed Tom.

"So do I," added Harry. "I don't ever remember when we didn't have school, before, in winter. It's a queer time to have a vacation. I wish I could go away."

"Well, I'll tell you about what Brick and I do when I come back," promised Buddy.

Two or three days later everything was in readiness for the trip to Glenford and the snow camp. Buddy and his father and mother, with Brick, of course, were to travel in the big closed automobile.

"And we'll have to put chains on, too," said Mr. Martyne as he looked out of the window the morning of the day when they were to start and saw the snow coming down. "We may get into some deep drifts before we reach Glenford."

"Oh, I hope we do!" cried Buddy, who was very much excited over the trip. So was Brick, and it was hard work to make him stop

barking. Brick liked to leap about and catch snow flakes in his mouth.

Finally they were ready to start. Buddy sat on the back seat with Brick. The baggage was piled around him and his dog.

"Good-bye!" Buddy called to his chums, Harry and Tom, who had come over in front of his house to see him off. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" echoed the other boys. How they wished they were going!

Faster and faster fell the snow flakes; big white ones blowing against the windows of the automobile. But they could not reach the boy and dog inside, though Brick barked at them, as they drifted down.

For a while the auto traveled through the town where Buddy lived and he looked out and whistled joyfully as he passed house after house and store after store that he well knew. Then the car reached the open country where the houses were farther apart. All was white and still out on the country roads, covered with the soft snow.

"We are going to have quite a storm," said Mrs. Martyne to her husband as he sat at the steering wheel.

"Yes, it is getting deeper," he answered.

"Do you think we'll get stuck in a deep drift?" asked Buddy anxiously. Not that he was afraid. In fact he rather hoped this might happen.

"No, I hardly think we'll get stuck," said his father. "We have chains on."

They rode along for perhaps ten miles farther, with the snow falling faster all this time and at last they reached a lonely part of the country. Buddy, who had awakened early that morning, began to feel sleepy, and, after a while, his head leaned over on Brick who was curled up on the seat, with his eyes also closed.

Suddenly there was a jolt to the auto, which stopped quickly, and Buddy awakened with a start.

"Are we stuck in a drift?" he inquired as he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

CHAPTER V

STUCK IN A DRIFT

MR. MARTYNE did not at once answer Buddy's question as there was so much to look after in driving the auto along the snowy roads. Not that the auto, just then, was moving, for it had come to a stop. But Mr. Martyne was going to try to get it going again.

"Are we stuck in a drift?" asked Buddy again.

"I think we are—in a small one," his mother said.

"Oh, goodie!" cried the little boy, hugging his dog.

"Maybe you won't think it so jolly after a while," spoke Mr. Martyne as he changed the gear shift lever so he could back up the auto to give it a better start. "It isn't any fun to

be stuck in the snow with a storm such as we have now."

It was true. The big flakes were coming down harder than ever, tapping at the windows of the auto as though anxious to get inside where Buddy and Brick were so cosy and warm.

Having backed his car a little way, Mr. Martyne again shifted the lever and started ahead. He thought he could get speed enough to break through a small drift of snow which had formed across the road and he did so. There was a rumble, a jolt and, for a moment, it seemed as if the car would topple over on its side. But after it broke through the drift, which was not a very large one, it reached a level place in the road and moved along more smoothly.

"If we had got stuck in the drift I could get out and shovel it away," said Buddy, stretching a bit after his short sleep.

"We haven't any shovel," said Mr. Martyne. "That's one reason I don't want to get

stuck in a drift. I wish I had thought to bring along a shovel, but perhaps we can get through to Glenford without any more trouble."

For a time it seemed as if this was going to be the way of it. For three or four miles the auto rumbled along the snow covered roads, the chains on the rear wheels helping a great deal. Without them Mr. Martyne would have been stalled more than once.

Buddy sat beside Brick, now patting his dog or playfully pulling its ears, and, again, looking out of the car windows as they passed lonely farmhouses which showed no sign of life, except smoke curling from a chimney.

Seeing the smoke made Buddy think of cooking. And thinking of cooking made him hungry so he asked.

"Are we going to have anything to eat before we get to Grandpa's?"

"Oh, yes," his mother replied. "We won't be at Grandpa's until late in the afternoon. We plan to stop at Montville, which is about

half way, and have lunch in a restaurant."

"Are we 'most there?" Buddy wanted to know.

"Are you hungry?" inquired his mother.

"I guess Brick is," Buddy answered. "And I am, too—a little."

"We'll be a bit late getting to Montville," said Mr. Martyne. "It is harder going than I thought. I wonder," he went on, as they made a turn in the road and saw, ahead, through the swirl of snow flakes, a lonely farmhouse, "I wonder if we couldn't get something to eat there?"

"We might try," said his wife.

"Oh, let's!" exclaimed Buddy. "Brick is terrible hungry, I know!"

"And I think some one else is, too!" laughed Mrs. Martyne. "You might stop at that house," she went on to her husband. "Country folks almost always have plenty to eat in the house and we can offer to pay them for their trouble."

"I think I'll stop," decided Mr. Martyne.

The road they were now traveling was an unbroken sheet of white. No other auto or wagon had been over it that morning. As Mr. Martyne neared the lonely farmhouse, he steered the auto to one side of the road to get out of the way of other cars that might come along later.

But as he started to do this suddenly the door of the house opened and a man, with a long, flowing, white beard, which made Buddy think of Santa Claus, came hurrying out of the door, waving his arms excitedly.

Even though all the windows of the automobile were closed, Buddy could hear, through the glass, this white-bearded man shouting:

"Keep away! Keep away! Don't come any nearer!"

"Dear me, I wonder what's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Martyne. "Why doesn't he want us to stop?"

"I don't know," answered her husband. The auto was now moving more slowly, getting ready to stop.

"Keep away! Keep away!" shouted the man again.

"Maybe he doesn't like dogs!" thought Buddy.

But a moment later they knew the reason for the man's shouts. For he called, more loudly:

"There's a big hole on this side of the road! Keep away from it or you'll get stuck in a drift! Keep off!"

But it was too late. Not understanding the warning Mr. Martyne drove off the road, close to the fence in front of the farmhouse and, a moment later, the auto sank down on one side and the front wheels were buried deep in a drift.

"Well, we're stuck now all right!" said Mr. Martyne.

"Oh, are we?" asked Buddy. He was going to say "goodie," but a worried look on his father's face made him stop.

"Can't we go on?" asked Mrs. Martyne anxiously.

"I'm afraid not," her husband answered. "I think we broke some part of the car when we went down in the hole. Anyhow we're stuck!"

Buddy began to think it might not be such fun as he had imagined at first.

CHAPTER VI

A BIG, BLACK BEAR

"THIS is too bad!" said the white-bearded man, who looked like a farmer, and who had come running out of his house to give the warning.

"Yes, it is," agreed Mr. Martyne. "Quite too bad!"

"But nobody is hurt and my dog is all right!" chimed in Buddy who had lowered a window on his side of the car so he could hear what the man was saying.

"Well, that's a good thing, anyhow!" laughed the farmer. Mrs. Martyne turned and, seeing the snow blowing in the window that Buddy had opened, called to him:

"Shut that window! You'll catch cold!"

"You went down in a big hole at the side of the road, just as I thought you would when

you drove over on this side," said the farmer. "I tried to yell at you to keep away."

"I know you did," spoke Buddy's father, "but I didn't understand what you meant so I kept on, and now we're down in the hole fast enough."

"Yes, and a deep one, too," went on the farmer. "I had part of an old Christmas tree stuck in that hole, just before the storm, to warn drivers away from it, but the wind blew the old tree down and now the snow has covered it."

"Can't we get out of the hole?" Buddy inquired.

"Haven't you closed that window yet?" his mother asked the small boy and then he began to turn the nickle handle that raised the glass. Really Buddy didn't mind the cold snow flakes blowing in his face, nor did Brick.

"Oh, I'll try and help you out of the hole," said the farmer with a laugh, which Buddy could hear through the window that his father had lowered to talk to the man. "But it will

need a plow tractor, I guess. My horses won't do it."

"Have you a plow tractor?" asked Mr. Martyne.

"My grandfather has!" spoke up Buddy remembering the queer machine, like a small auto, that he had seen hauling a plow across the field on Blue Hill Farm in Rillglade where Grandpa Kendall lived—Grandpa Kendall in whose corn patch Buddy had found the big pumpkin which won him a prize and helped him get those wonderful roller skates.

"Oh, yes, I have a flivver tractor," this farmer said, "and I'll be glad to help pull you out of that drift and hole," he went on. "But it will take half an hour to do it and maybe your folks had better come in my house and get warm." He looked at Mr. Martyne and nodded toward Buddy and his mother. "It's getting colder and this storm is going to be worse."

"We got a heater in our car," said Buddy, "and it isn't very cold."

"It will be, soon, now that our motor has stopped," spoke Mrs. Martyne, for her husband had shut off the power when he found the car down in a hole and stuck in a drift. "It is kind of you to ask us in," she went on to the farmer, "and I think I should like to come for a little while if it wouldn't be too much trouble for your wife."

"No trouble at all!" said the farmer who had said his name was Jason Enberry. "Please come in."

"But we'll track in a lot of snow!" objected Mrs. Martyne while her husband was getting out of the car to tramp around in the drifts beside the road to see how badly his auto was stuck.

"That won't matter! We can sweep it out again! Come in and welcome!" heartily invited Mr. Enberry.

"Shall I bring Brick?" Buddy wanted to know.

"Do you mean a hot brick to keep your feet warm?" the farmer asked. "No, you won't

need to do that, son. We have a good fire."

"Oh, Brick is my dog!" laughed the red haired boy.

"Ha! Ha! Excuse me!" laughed Mr. Enberry. "I didn't know what you meant. Sure, bring in your dog! I have one of my own, though his name isn't Brick. We call him Ring because he runs rings around the cows when he is driving 'em home from the pasture in summer. But come in before the storm gets worse and then I'll see about getting out my tractor."

So Buddy and his mother, with Brick floundering through the snow after them, hurried into the warm, cosy farmhouse while Mr. Martyne and Mr. Enberry began work on getting the stalled car out of the drift.

Brick and the farmer's dog made friends at once and Mrs. Enberry welcomed Buddy and his mother. She set out a glass of milk and some doughnuts for Buddy, who was very glad to get them, and a cup of tea was made for Mrs. Martyne.

While his mother and Mrs. Enberry were eating toast and marmalade and drinking their tea, Buddy, after he had eaten two doughnuts and taken his milk, wandered around the old fashioned farmhouse. He was even allowed to go into the "parlor," which was kept closed most of the time, and there he saw some curious, old furniture covered with a sort of cloth made of woven hair from the tails of horses. In one corner of the room was a tall, narrow "what-not," as it was called, a series of shelves on which were all sorts of queer things—big sea shells and a glass bottle of sand of many colors which, as Buddy read on the label, had come from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

There were queerly shaped stones, a little box made of lead and near it what seemed to be a long, flat piece of bone with many sharp teeth stuck in the edges on each side.

"That's part of the nose of a saw-fish, my dear," said Mrs. Enberry who explained some of the things to Buddy. "My father was a

sea captain and he caught this fish when he was after whales."

"Did he catch a whale, too?" asked Buddy.

"Oh, yes, many of them."

"And did this saw-fish cut the whales apart for him?" asked the boy as he held the curious, bony nose of an animal that had long been dead.

"Oh, no," and Mrs. Enberry laughed. "But I have heard him tell how, often, when he was in a small boat trying to kill whales, these saw-fish, and sometimes sword-fish, would swim toward his boat and try to cut, or punch, holes in it. I suppose the saw-fish and sword-fish took the boat for a whale."

"I wish I could see them!" murmured Buddy. "Maybe, when I grow up," he added with a far-away look in his eyes, "Brick and I will go whale hunting."

"Yes—maybe!" laughed his mother.

While Buddy was looking at the curious things on the "what-not" shelves, his father and Mr. Enberry were trying to get the auto

out of the hole and the drift. The chugging tractor was run out of the barn and at the sound of it Buddy wanted to go out in the storm and watch the work, but, as his rubber boots were packed in a valise, his mother decided he must stay in the farmhouse and watch from a window.

This Buddy did, pressing his little nose quite flat against the glass as he looked out and beside him sat Brick, also watching. It took a little while for Mr. Martyne, aided by the farmer and his hired man, to attach the tractor and haul the car out. And then it was found that one of the wheels of the auto had been broken.

"Well, we can't keep on to Glenford!" said Mr. Martyne, coming into the house after stamping the snow off his feet.

"We can't?" asked his wife. "What are we going to do?" She looked around anxiously, for the Enberry farmhouse was in a lonely part of the country.

"Can't we go to Grandpa's?" asked Buddy.

"Not in our car," his father answered. "It's broken."

"It will have to be fixed," said Mr. Enberry, "and I doubt if you can get any garage man to come out in this storm."

"Probably not, even if I could get word to them," agreed Mr. Martyne, warming his cold hands at the fire in the stove.

"Oh, we can telephone to them—we have a telephone," said the farmer. "But this storm is getting worse and the garage man himself might get stuck in the snow. Guess you'll have to wait a while."

Then Buddy had a fine idea. At least he spoke of it first though perhaps his father or mother might have said the same thing a little later.

But Buddy, looking at the telephone on the wall, exclaimed:

"Why don't you telephone to Grandpa and he could come out here in his auto and get us?"

"Oh, that's so!" exclaimed his mother. "Is

it far to Glenford?" she anxiously asked.

"No," her husband answered, while Mr. Enberry said:

"Not more than five miles by the short road, but no auto could get over that road in this storm. But say!" he suddenly cried, "why can't your folks come after you in a big sleigh? A powerful team could easily pull a bob sled through the drifts, even on the short cut road through the woods. Of course you're welcome to stay here with us," he went on. "My wife and I can easily put you up for the night. But if you want to go on, and if your folks have a telephone, why not tell them to come for you in a sleigh?"

"Oh, that would be fun!" cried Buddy. "And Grandpa has a telephone, hasn't he?"

"Yes," answered his mother, "he has. What do you think?" she asked her husband.

"It's worth trying," decided Mr. Martyne, so, a little later, he was talking to his father (who was Buddy's grandfather, over the farmer's telephone. Grandpa Martyne was sur-

prised to learn that the party had met with an accident but he said:

"Stay where you are. I know Mr. Enberry's place. I'll drive over in my big sleigh, by the short cut road through the woods and get you and have you here before night. How's Buddy?"

"He's all right. I'll let him talk to you, Father," said young Mr. Martyne. And a little later Buddy called:

"Hello, Grandpa!"

"Hello, Buddy!" came back over the wire. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right! How are you? And so is my dog, Brick! And I'm bringing him out with me and maybe he and I can go hunting and are there any bears or wolves out in the lumber camp, Grandpa?"

Buddy could not hear what his grandfather said because his father and mother and Mr. and Mrs. Enberry laughed so loudly when he spoke about bears. So Buddy handed the telephone receiver to his father and then ran to

the window to watch the farmer's hired man, with another to help him, haul the crippled Martyne auto around to the barn where it would be left until a garage man could come out and fix it.

"We'll have to wait about an hour for Grandpa to get here," said Mr. Martyne to his wife and little boy when the telephone talk had ended. "We're lucky to be in such a fine, warm place."

"Yes, indeed!" agreed his wife.

Mrs. Enberry made some fresh, hot tea for her husband and Mr. Martyne and then they all sat about and talked until, in what seemed a very short time, though it was more than an hour, a jingle of merry bells was heard out in front.

"Oh, it's Grandpa with a big sleigh and four horses!" cried Buddy. "Oh, gee! Four horses! Look!" Excitedly he jumped up and down at the window and Brick barked his own wonder.

"I guess the drifts were pretty bad on the

short cut road through the woods," said Mr. Enberry as Grandpa Martyne got out of the big bob sled and began to flounder through the deep snow toward the farmhouse. "It will need all four horses to pull you going back."

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Buddy's father. "We're having a real, old fashioned winter this time!"

"Well, well, well!" cried jolly Grandpa Martyne as he stamped his feet on the front porch to knock off some of the snow. "So here you are! Glad to see you but sorry you got stuck! But I'm glad you telephoned me so I could come and get you! Hurray for Buddy!" and he hugged the red haired and blue eyed boy who rushed out to meet him. Oh, it was a jolly, happy time, let me tell you.

"Well, all aboard!" called Grandpa Martyne when he had greeted everyone, including Brick whom he met for the first time. "We want to get back to Glenford before dark. And this storm is going to be worse before it's better. All aboard!"

The baggage was taken from the broken auto and piled into the big bob sled and Buddy, his father and mother snuggled down into the thick, fur robes with which it seemed to be filled. There was straw on the bottom, "to keep your feet warm," as Grandpa Martyne explained.

"This is lots more fun than riding in an auto!" said the boy. It was not quite so comfortable, but then his face was the only part that really felt cold and whenever his cheeks and nose were too frosty he put his head under a fur robe and was soon warm.

On over the road, that was fast getting deeper and deeper covered with snow, went the sled. How the four horses pulled! How they stepped into deep drifts as if they didn't mind them in the least! How they shook their heads! How they jingled the bells!

"Oh, this is great!" cried Buddy in delight.

It was getting dark, more because of the snow and clouds than because it was late in the day, and they were driving through a thick

part of the woods when Buddy, who happened to look back, suddenly gave a loud shout.

"What's the matter?" asked Grandpa Martyne.

"Look! Look!" cried Buddy. "I just saw a big, black bear!"

"Bear! Nonsense! You probably saw a stumpy evergreen tree!" laughed his father. "Nonsense!"

"Oh, but I did see a big, black bear!" went on Buddy. "Look, there he goes now!" and he pointed to some dark object moving amid the storm and shuffling through the drifts of snow. "Evergreen trees don't move like that, Daddy!"

"No more they do!" said Grandpa Martyne. "Whoa, there!" he called to the four horses, pulling them down to a walk. "Now where's that thing you saw, Buddy?" he asked, turning in his seat.

"There he goes!" cried the red haired boy, sticking his head well out from among the fur robes. "See, over by that hill!"

He pointed through the falling snow flakes. They all saw some dark animal running along.

"Oh, it can't be a bear!" said Mrs. Martyne. "There are no bears or wild animals as big as that in these woods! It must be a cow or a horse."

"It isn't a cow or a horse!" said Grandpa Martyne. "And yet I don't see how it can be a bear. I wonder——?"

But just then came a puff of wind blowing from the moving animal toward the horses and at once the four animals began to plunge and rear as if in fright.

"Whoa!" cried Grandpa Martyne, pulling hard on the reins. "Whoa! Guess it must be a bear, and my horses smelled him and didn't like it!" he added. "Whoa!"

But the frightened horses would not quiet down and away they ran pulling after them the sled, with Buddy and the others aboard through the drifts and storm. A wall of white, swirling flakes now hid the big, black bear from sight.

CHAPTER VII

THE LUMBER CAMP

BUMPING over the rough road, now tilting to one side and then to the other side as the horses pulled it through drifts, the big sled glided on, with Grandpa Martyne calling to his four horses to quiet down and not be any longer frightened at the bear, which was not now in sight.

"If it really was a bear," said Mrs. Martyne with a smile when the horses had slowed somewhat.

"Oh, it was a bear, sure! I *saw* it!" declared Buddy.

"I didn't get a good look at it," said his father. "But to me it looked more like a cow."

"A cow wouldn't make horses scared."

"No, that's so," admitted Grandpa Mar-

tyne. "But there haven't been any bears in these woods for many years—not since I was a young fellow, a little bigger than Buddy, here," and he nodded back toward the small boy wrapped in a fur robe.

"Did you hunt bears, Grandpa?" Buddy wanted to know.

"That's what I did, and I caught some, too! Steady, ponies!" he called to his team.

"Maybe this bear is one you didn't catch," Buddy suggested.

"It might be!" chuckled Grandpa Martyne. "But if it is he must be pretty old bear by this time."

"Have you got a gun on your farm, Grandpa?" asked Buddy a little later when they were in a sort of clearing—a place in the woods where some trees had been cut down.

"Oh, yes, I have a gun, Buddy."

"That's good," said the small boy and then, for a time he said nothing, but sat in the sled, now and again sticking out his red tongue so the cold, white, swirling flakes of snow

would fall on it and melt, which they did, very quickly.

Then Buddy raised himself up to look back through the storm, over the road they had come and he said, slowly:

"Maybe you would let me and Brick take it, Grandpa." Buddy reached down and patted the head of his dog who was snuggled warmly at his feet under the fur robe. "Maybe you would, Grandpa."

"Take what?" the old gentleman farmer wanted to know.

"That gun of yours," said Buddy.

"Take a gun—what for?" exclaimed Mrs. Martyne.

"To hunt that bear!" Buddy replied. "My dog could track the bear in the snow—it's easy to see a bear's paw marks in the snow; isn't it, Grandpa?"

"Oh, that part's easy enough," chuckled Grandpa Martyne. "But about you going out to hunt bears, Buddy——"

"You can come with me!" Buddy made

haste to say when he had the idea that he would not be allowed to go alone.

"Well, we'll see," was all Grandpa would say. "Trot along, ponies!" he called to his horses and with their feet they scattered the snow all about and jingled their bells more merrily. They seemed to have forgotten all about smelling the bear. For the smell of a bear, or other wild animal, will often frighten horses, except, perhaps, circus horses who are used to tigers, lions and elephants.

"Don't go out bear-hunting without telling me," Buddy's father warned him. "We are out in the country now, where houses aren't as thick as they are in our town, and you might get lost in a storm."

"I was lost in a corn field once," said the small boy, "but I got found again. And I found a big pumpkin."

"No matter," said his mother. "Do as Daddy tells you and don't go wandering away looking for bears."

"I won't," Buddy promised. "But if

Grandpa goes hunting for this bear with his gun may I go with him?"

"We'll see," was all that Buddy's father would say.

Once more the big bob sled was being pulled by the four horses through a deep, dark part of the woods, the clearing, or open space, having been passed. It was almost like night in this forest with big trees on both sides of the road. But Buddy liked it. He was warm and cosy beneath the fur robes and he pretended that he was a hunter going out after bears, though all he had that was like a gun, was a stick he used to play hockey with when he had on his ice skates.

Now and then the small boy raised up and looked from side to side of the wood road along which they were jingling their way over the snow. He hoped he might have another sight of the big, black bear. But Mr. Bruin, as he might be called, was not to be seen.

"We never could have come over this road in an auto," said Mr. Martyne to his father as

they lurched along. "It's too rough and the drifts are too deep."

"Yes," agreed Grandpa, "a bob sled and four horses are needed in a place like this. It might have been all right for you along the regular road in your auto, if it hadn't broken, but it is many miles farther. This road through the woods is a short cut."

"Do we pass the lumber camp?" asked Mr. Martyne.

"Oh, yes, in a little while we'll drive right through it," replied Grandpa. "You'll have to stay out there a few days and nights you told me."

"Yes," Buddy's father answered, and, at hearing this, the small boy, who was beginning to feel sleepy, was at once wide awake again, "I shall have to spend some time at the lumber camp to see how the business is getting along. That's what brought me out here in the middle of winter."

"Can I sleep out with you in the snow camp?" Buddy asked, for so he called the

place where the husky men cut the lumber.

"I'll see about it," his father answered.

"You might catch cold," objected Mrs. Martyne.

"I'll take one of these fur robes and sleep in that," Buddy said and his grandfather laughed as he remarked:

"You'll have to get up early in the morning to get ahead of this red haired boy!"

They reached a hill and the horses had rather a hard pull up it through the drifts, but at last managed to drag the sled and all in it to the top. Then there was a glorious ride down, going fast, with the bells jingling and snow flying on both sides.

Suddenly, as they went around a turn in the road, there came to the ears of Buddy and the others a sound as if a big Chinese gong, or bell, were ringing. Deep and booming it boomed through the quiet woods.

"What's that?" cried Buddy, who did not remember ever to have heard such a sound.

"The lumber camp!" said his grandfather.

"Does a lumber camp always make a noise like that?" Buddy wanted to know.

"I should have said," went on Grandpa Martyne, "that it was the lumber camp cook calling his men in to early supper. They're knocking off work sooner than usual on account of the storm, I suppose. So that's the lumber camp bell you hear."

Again the gong boomed out and Buddy grew excited.

"Will they have baked beans to eat?" he asked. "Baked beans with molasses?"

"I guess so," laughed Grandpa Martyne.

A moment later they came to a clearing where, in a circle on the edge of the woods, several log cabins had been built. There was one cabin, longer than the others and in front of this stood a man beating the big, brass gong which boomed like a distant church bell.

"Oh, here's the lumber camp!" said Mrs. Martyne.

"Yes," said Grandpa, "this is the lumber camp and we'll soon be at my farm."

"Goodie!" cried Buddy. "This is where I'm going to stay!"

Men now came running from the small log cabins where they had their sleeping bunks and gathered around the cook house, which was the long, log cabin. Some men, with axes and saws, were tramping through the snow coming in from the deep parts of the woods where they had been cutting down trees all day.

Suddenly, along a path which stretched far into the forest, and on which he seemed to be alone, a man came running into the middle of the lumber camp. He was very excited:

"Quick! Get a gun!" he yelled. "Get a gun! Hurry!"

"What's the matter?" asked the cook, as he was again about to clang the big, brass gong. "What's the matter?"

"There's a big, black bear chasing me!" gasped the man and he ran into one of the log cabins and banged the door shut after him.

CHAPTER VIII

ON SNOW SHOES

GRANDPA MARTYNE had pulled his horses to a stop in the middle of the lumber camp and he and those in the bob sled, together with the men hurrying to an early supper, now looked toward the cabin in which the shouting, running man had hid.

"Did you hear what Pod Wagrail said?" shouted the cook.

"Yes—something about a bear!" answered one of the lumbermen and Buddy, seeing what big, strapping fellows they were, wished he might grow up like them.

"There are no bears in these woods!" said another man who had come in out of the forest with an axe over his shoulder. His big boots were covered with snow.

"Pod must have been dreaming!" laughed

another man with a long saw. "He's always imagining things. Once he imagined he was lost and he had us all out hunting for him."

"Come on out, Pod!" called the cook and the man who had bolted into the log cabin, pulling the door shut after him, now opened it a little way, stuck his head out and asked:

"Is that bear gone?"

"There never was any bear, Pod!" chuckled the man with the saw. "You must have dreamed it."

"Oh, no!" Buddy suddenly exclaimed, "I saw the bear, too—a big, black one. But it was back there in the woods," and he pointed the way they had come in the bob sled.

"Bear!" exclaimed several lumbermen. "Did you really see a bear?"

"It certainly looked so," said Grandpa Martyne. "And the horses must have smelled something wild and strange for they bolted."

"Sure it was a bear!" declared Pod Wagrail, the frightened man who had hidden away in the log cabin, but who was now walking

around the lumber camp. "And if you men want some bear steaks for breakfast, you'd better get your guns and go hunting!"

"Oh, you just dreamed you saw a bear!" said two or three of the lumbermen to their friend Pod, and they laughed at him and would not believe what he said even though Buddy and Grandpa Martyne also said they had seen what looked like a bear.

"I know there haven't been any bears around here for many years," said old Mr. Martyne. "But one might have come down from up Canada way," and he pointed toward the north where there were big stretches of forest and much snow and ice.

"What I think you saw," said the camp cook as he again banged on the brass gong to make sure none of the men would miss their hot supper, "what I think you saw was a deer."

"A deer would have horns, and this big black animal didn't have any horns. So it couldn't have been a deer," spoke Buddy.

"Well, maybe it wasn't a *deer*. But then it was a *horse* or a *cow,*" the cook said. "It wasn't a *bear,* I'm sure."

But Buddy was just as sure it was a bear he had seen and he made up his mind, if he got a chance, he would come out in the woods around the lumber camp, later, and have a look.

"Did the bear chase you?" Buddy asked Pod Wagrail as the man, who had run into camp, now looked around the woods, and followed the others toward the supper table.

"I didn't give him a chance, sonny," was the answer. "I didn't want to play tag with any bear in the snow. So I ran as soon as I saw him."

"You ran fast, too, Pod!" chuckled a friend. "Very fast!"

"Well, I did my best," was the answer. "I wonder," Pod went on to Grandpa Martyne, "if I saw the same bear you folks did?"

"It might have been," was the answer. "Though the creature Buddy saw was some

miles back. How could it get here?"

"A bear can run fast!" said Pod.

"Yes, that's so," admitted old Mr. Martyne. "Well, I guess no bears will bother you men tonight," he went on with a laugh.

"Will they bother *us?*" Buddy wanted to know, as his grandfather called to the horses to start on out of the lumber camp.

"Nonsense! Certainly not!" said Mrs. Martyne. "Don't think so much about bears, Buddy, or you'll dream of them."

"I wish I would!" exclaimed the red haired lad. "It would be fun!"

Mr. Martyne, who had come out to the lumber camp on some law business, had talked a little while with the foreman and had promised to come back tomorrow to go over the books and see about cutting the rest of the trees.

In a little while, and just as it was getting quite dark, the big bob sled and prancing horses, with their jingling bells, drew up at the farmhouse home of Grandpa Martyne

in the quaint little village of Glenford.

"Well, here's my Buddy!" exclaimed Grandma, as the blue eyed boy hurried into the warm kitchen. "How are you?"

"Fine, Grandma! Thanks! And how are you?" asked Buddy politely.

"I'm very well," answered the old lady as she kissed him. "My! but you had quite a time getting here; didn't you?" she asked for she had heard, over the telephone, about the break down when Grandpa Martyne started out in the bob sled to the rescue.

"Oh, it was fun!" laughed Buddy. "I didn't know you could have so much fun in winter. And I'm going to hunt a bear, too!" he added. "Where is your bear-gun, Grandpa?"

"Wait until tomorrow about that!" chuckled the old gentleman.

The horses were taken to the barn where they had warm beds of straw to rest on, and the visitors soon gathered about the supper table. Grandpa and Grandma Martyne were

a bit old fashioned and called their evening meal "supper" instead of "dinner," as do some city dwellers.

Buddy was so sleepy, after his long ride in the cold and snowy air, that, though he meant to stay up quite late and listen to the talk of his father and the others, pretty soon the small boy's head began to nod and his eyes began to shut.

"It's time somebody was in bed," said Buddy's mother.

"Who?" asked Buddy quickly rousing himself. "Who, Mother?"

"You," said Mrs. Martyne with a smile and soon the blue eyed boy was tucked in between sheets which Martha, Grandma Martyne's maid, had made almost hot by rubbing them with a long handled, old fashioned brass warming pan—a sort of skillet containing red embers from a fireplace on which burned logs of real wood. No gas logs in Grandpa Martyne's house—no, indeed!

Buddy suddenly awakened, after a while,

at what he thought must be an hour close to morning, though it was quite dark in his room, except for a glow of moonlight coming in a window. And then Buddy knew what had awakened him was a noise he heard outside—a noise of footsteps, cracking and crunching in the crust of snow.

"Maybe it's that bear!" thought Buddy. "Oh! Golly!"

Instead of cowering down under the clothes and hiding his head, Buddy bravely sprang out of bed and ran to the window. The moon was partly behind a cloud now, but there was light enough for Buddy to see a dark shape, with big feet, walking across the snow toward Grandpa's house. In a moment Buddy called aloud:

"Oh, Daddy! Here's the bear! Grandpa, get your gun!"

There was a moment of silence, during which Buddy saw the black shape, with the big feet, coming nearer. Then his father hurried into Buddy's bedroom from his own.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Martyne, who had just come up the stairs. "What is it now?"

"Here comes the bear, and what big feet he has!" cried Buddy.

His father took one look, laughed and said:

"That's a man on snow shoes. He's coming to see Grandpa, I guess."

"A man on snow shoes!" cried Buddy. "Oh, so it is!" he added as the moon shone brighter and he could see plainer. "I thought it was a bear!"

"You had better go to sleep and stop thinking of bears!" chuckled Mr. Martyne.

"I will," said Buddy. "But, Daddy, do you think I could have a pair of snow shoes to go bear hunting with?" he asked.

"I'll see about it," was all Mr. Martyne would promise. "Now go to sleep." Which Buddy did, to dream that he was chasing a bear with sofa cushions for snow shoes and that the bear was eating icicles as if they were lollypops. A very queer dream!

CHAPTER IX

QUEER TRACKS

NEXT morning, at breakfast, Buddy, while eating buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, suddenly remembered his queer dream and also about jumping up to go to the window to see what was making the crunching noise in the snow.

"Oh, Grandpa," Buddy asked, "who came to your house last night on snow shoes?"

"So you saw Pod Wagrail; did you?" chuckled old Mr. Martyne.

"Oh, was it the man that the bear chased in the woods?" Buddy inquired. "And did he come to say he knew where the bear was?"

"No," was the reply. "Pod just walked over from the lumber camp on his snow shoes to leave word with me that your father didn't have to go to the camp this morning, as

the foreman won't be there. That's all."

"Oh!" murmured Buddy, somewhat disappointed. "Then can't I go to the snow camp?" he asked his father. "And what about my snow shoes?"

"I never heard such a boy!" sighed his mother. "When you get a thing on your mind you never forget it."

"Which is a good thing, sometimes," chuckled Grandpa Martyne. "But if Buddy wants snow shoes I think Zeke can make him a pair."

"Who's Zeke?" Buddy asked.

"Zeke Hanford—one of my hired men," explained old Mr. Martyne. "He's a champion at making snow shoes."

"Oh, I'd love a pair," said Buddy. "Once, at our house in Mountchester I found some old tennis rackets and I tried to fasten them on my feet but the handles were so long they tripped me."

"Snow shoes and tennis rackets are a good bit alike," said Grandpa. "I'll see what Zeke

can do about a pair for Buddy, as long as you can't go to camp this morning, Clayton," he said to his son.

"Oh, goodie!" exclaimed Buddy and though he had begun to feel disappointed at not being able to go see the lumbermen with his father that morning, he was now happy over the prospect of having a pair of real snow shoes for himself.

After breakfast, while Buddy's father went to the village garage to get a man to go back to Farmer Enberry's place to get the broken auto, Buddy hurried to the barn with his grandfather. There they found Zeke Hanford in a sort of workroom near the warm stalls where the horses were munching their breakfasts of hay.

"Zeke, do you think you can make a pair of snow shoes for this boy?" asked Grandpa.

"I reckon I can if his feet aren't too big!" chuckled the hired man. "Let me have a look."

"My feet aren't very big," said Buddy, who

was so serious over it that he did not know the jolly hired man was joking. "They look big," he went on, holding out one foot, "but that's 'cause I have on my rubber boots. If I took them off——"

"You can't wear snow shoes on your bare feet. You have to use boots," said the hired man. "But I guess your feet will do, Buddy. Now let me see."

He searched through what seemed to be a pile of odds and ends and soon picked out some long, slender pieces of wood. These he steamed over a kettle of hot water on a stove in the barn and, when the wood was soft, so it would bend like a bow, Zeke brought the two ends together and fastened them with strips of the skin of a groundhog, as he told Buddy later.

The red haired boy was so interested in watching the hired man make the small snow shoes that it was noon before Buddy knew it and he hardly wanted to go in from the barn long enough to eat dinner.

"But the snow shoes won't be ready to use today, so you might as well go in," advised Zeke.

"When will they be ready?" Buddy wanted to know.

"Oh, tomorrow, I guess."

Buddy sighed. It was a long time to wait, but it could not be helped.

"They have to dry and get set," said the hired man. "I'll begin to string 'em this afternoon."

Buddy watched for a while, after dinner, seeing how Zeke laced strips of strong hide back and forth from one side to the other of the wooden frames of the queer shoes made for walking on snow. It was almost like stringing a tennis racket except that the strips of hide were thicker.

Snow shoes, just as Buddy had said, were really like tennis rackets, only larger and stronger, and were made so that when a man or boy walked on top of the crusty snow he would not break through. The long, broad

snow shoes kept the man from sinking in the drifts.

About the middle of the afternoon Buddy's father called to him.

"Are you going to the lumber camp and may I come?" Buddy asked.

"No, I'm not going until morning, and by that time your snow shoes will be ready," was the answer. "But here's something I used to play with when I was a boy and lived out on this farm," went on Mr. Martyne, for Glenford was his boyhood home. "Maybe you'd like it."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Buddy running in from the barn where Zeke was putting the last strings in the bent frames.

Buddy soon saw. It was a home-made bob sled which his father had carried down out of the attic, thinking, since Buddy had not brought his own sled to the country with him, he could use this one on which Mr. Martyne had had many a fast ride.

"Oh, that's fine, Daddy!" cried Buddy

when he saw it. "Now I'll have some fun!"

There was a small hill back of the farm house and when Mr. Martyne had helped Buddy trample down the snow on it, there was as good a place as heart could wish for a coast.

"Want to ride down with me, Daddy?" Buddy asked as he was ready for the first trial.

"I'm afraid that sled isn't big enough for me now!" chuckled Mr. Martyne. "I've grown some since I made it about forty years ago. But let's see you go down!"

Buddy took his place on the old bob sled, which, though not bright with paint as a new one from the store would have been, was still strong and in good shape.

"Here I go! Watch me, Daddy!" called the red haired lad.

He took a little run, threw himself on his stomach upon his father's old sled and soon was gliding down the hill. At first Buddy did not go very fast, nor very far, for the snow was not packed well. But after a while

the snow became firmer and Buddy could coast for quite a distance.

Then two country boys, about his own age, Ned Tracer and Henry Blay, came over from nearby farms with their sleds and the three had fine fun coasting, wearing the hill down until it was as smooth as any that Buddy had ever played on.

He was so interested in coasting that, for a time, he forgot all about his snow shoes and the bear.

"Tomorrow we can have a race!" said Ned.

"Sure!" agreed Buddy. "That will be great fun!"

"Can you skate?" asked Henry Blay.

"Sure!" said Buddy.

"Well, then we'll have a skating race, too," Henry proposed.

"But not tomorrow, nor for a long while," said Ned. "This snow storm spoiled all the skating. But if there comes a thaw and some rain, then we'll have fun on the river."

"I'll be there!" promised Buddy. "I

brought my skates with me. Oh, golly gosh!"

"How is it you don't have to go to school?" asked Ned, for he and Henry had been to class up until a short time ago, when they were dismissed.

"Oh, our steam boiler blew up," Buddy said.

"I wish ours would!" murmured Henry.

"So do I!" echoed Ned.

The three boys played on the hill until it began to get dark and then they hurried home, Buddy stopping at the barn, on his way to his grandfather's house, to get his new snow shoes. They were just fine and he was eager to try them, but his father advised him to wait until next day before doing so.

"But couldn't I put them on in the house a little while so I can learn to walk on them?" asked the red haired boy and he was given permission to do this.

At first he could not walk on the snow shoes at all for they were so wide and long that they kept knocking his ankles when he

put one foot before the other, or else he stepped with one foot on the rear of the other shoe and so tripped himself up.

But his grandfather showed him what to do and, after a while, Buddy began to learn. Though it would take him a day or two more before he could really walk well on top of the snow.

Next morning he started out with his father who also had a pair of snow shoes, but who knew, better than did his small son, how to use them.

"You're not going to walk all the way to the lumber camp; are you?" asked Buddy's mother as the two started out.

"Oh, yes," answered her husband, "it isn't far on snow shoes."

Buddy soon got the "knack of it," as his grandfather said, and he found it easier to shuffle along on top of the snow with his new shoes than he had found it to walk around the house with them the night before. In a little while he was following his father along

the trail that led to the lumber camp, more than a mile away.

"What funny tracks we make!" laughed Buddy looking back over the way they had come. "It's like a lot of queer birds!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Martyne, "it is. Take it easy now, don't try to turn too suddenly, don't step on one shoe with the other, glide along almost as if you were skating, and you'll do very well."

And Buddy did. He was quite surprised at how well he got along. But his father was a good teacher and the snow shoes were just the right size for Buddy. The snow, too, after the big storm, was just right for using the "tennis rackets," as Buddy sometimes called his new shoes.

As Buddy and his father passed through a patch of woods, about half way to the lumber camp, Buddy dropped behind, for one of the straps that fastened his left shoe to his boot had become loose and he stopped to tighten it. His father, not knowing that Buddy had

halted, kept on and in a little while Buddy looked ahead, and could not see Mr. Martyne. The reason was that Buddy's father had gone down in a little hollow place like a tiny valley.

However, Buddy was not afraid and, after fixing the strap hurried on as fast as he could to catch up to his father. As he passed a big rock, Buddy suddenly looked down at the snow and saw some queer tracks. At first he thought they were the marks of his father's snow shoes but, a moment later, the red haired boy knew they were not.

"Those are bear tracks!" thought Buddy. "That bear has been here! Maybe he's here now—hiding under that rock! A bear!"

CHAPTER X

IN A TRAP

FOR a moment a wild, daring, and very foolish plan came into the mind of little Buddy Martyne. He thought to himself like this:

"If the bear is hiding somewhere under this rock, in a cave or hole, maybe I can stuff it up some way and catch him! Maybe I can keep him in there until I get my father and my grandfather with his gun and then they can catch that bear! Maybe!"

Mind you, Buddy did not want the bear shot. He wanted Mr. Bruin caught alive and not hurt.

"So I can put him in a show like Brick and I were in the Red Cross show," said Buddy to himself.

Thinking of his dog made Buddy wish he

had brought Brick with him, but as the snow was deep and soft under the crust, and as Brick's small paws, without snow shoes, would have broken through, it was decided that it would be best to leave Brick at home.

So, though the dog had wanted, very much, to go with Buddy and Mr. Martyne, when they set out on their snow shoes, the dog had been tied up in the warm barn with the horses. That was a good place for him, as Brick was fond of horses and Grandpa's teams seemed to like to have a dog around them.

"If I only had Brick with me now!" said Buddy to himself, when he had looked at those queer tracks in the snow, "he could smell and sniff and he'd know just where that bear is hiding. I guess I'll go back and get Brick."

When Buddy had made up his mind to do this, after he had seen that the tracks of the animal (whatever it was) went under the big rock, but did not come out again, something else happened. Mr. Martyne looking back, and not seeing his red haired and blue eyed

son began to wonder where Buddy was.

Tramping his way back up to the top of the little hill, over which he had come before going down into the valley, or hollow, Mr. Martyne called:

"Buddy! Buddy! Where are you?"

Back came the answer:

"Here I am, by the big rock and I guess the bear is here too!"

For a moment Mr. Martyne was a little worried, though he did not really believe there was any wild bear around the lumber camp. He could not see Buddy. So he started to go back on his snow shoes, as fast as he could, toward the big rock, and, as he neared it, he saw Buddy coming around the side.

"Oh, there you are!" exclaimed Mr. Martyne.

"Yes," Buddy answered, "here I am, Daddy! Come and see the bear tracks!"

It did not take Buddy's father long to make up his mind that those queer tracks in the snow were really the paw marks of a bear, or

at least some animal like a bear. And the animal was so heavy that, instead of walking on top of the snow, it had sunk down in just as Brick would have done had the dog been racing around.

"The bear's down under that rock!" whispered Buddy pointing to the big stone which stuck out in the snow-covered side hill like a great shelf. And beneath the shelf was a black hole. "Yes, Daddy," went on the boy, "the bear's down under that rock. How are we going to get him out?"

"We aren't going to get him out!" said Mr. Martyne with a laugh.

"We aren't?" exclaimed Buddy in great surprise. "Why not?"

"Because," answered his father, "it may be a bear and it may not. Even if it isn't a bear, we don't want to have a fight with some other savage, wild animal when we have no gun with us."

"I'll run back and get Grandpa's gun," Buddy offered.

"No! No!" said his father with a laugh. "We'll let that bear alone—that is if it's really a bear under that stone."

"Oh, it's a bear all right!" declared Buddy. "If I had a long enough stick I could poke him out."

"Better not try any tricks like that with a bear," said Mr. Martyne. "Even a tame bear might get mad if you poked him with a stick when he was sleeping in a warm den under a rock."

"Yes," Buddy admitted, "that's so — he might. But what are we going to do, Daddy?"

"We're going right on to the lumber camp, where I have some business to look after," was the answer. "We'll leave Mr. Bear alone. But we can tell the men in the lumber camp about these tracks and if they want to come out here, later on, and try to catch the animal, whatever it is, I won't say a word."

"I hope they do," murmured Buddy, kicking a little snow down into the hole beneath the rock. "I guess if I tell Pod Wagrail about

the bear being here Pod will come out and get him."

"From the way Pod came running into camp that day, when he thought he had seen a bear, I would say he might be the last one to come out here and poke a stick at Mr. Bruin!" chuckled Mr. Martyne. "So slide along, Buddy! First thing you know that bear might come out to find out why we're talking so much near his den when he wants to go to sleep."

"I wouldn't be afraid if he did come out!" declared Buddy. "Not if you are here with me, Daddy. And, anyhow," he added, "we can run on snow shoes faster than the bear can run on his paws."

"Maybe," was the lawyer's answer. "But we won't take any chances. Slide along!"

So, with a last look at the tracks in the snow, and at the big rock and the hole under it, Buddy and his father walked, or, rather, slid along on top of the crust toward the lumber camp. They soon reached it and Buddy burst

out with the news as soon as he saw Pod Wagrail.

"I know where there's a bear, Mr. Wagrail!" exclaimed Buddy. "Come on and I'll show you!"

"Not me!" shouted the queer man, as he hurried off into the woods with his chopping axe. "You can show some of the other men."

The news brought by Buddy and his father caused some excitement, and while some of the lumber workers thought it possible that there might be a bear in the woods—one that had come down from the cold and dreary North—others said Mr. Martyne and Buddy must be mistaken.

"It's the tracks of some other animal you saw," declared the camp cook.

"Perhaps," admitted the lawyer. "I don't know much about wild animal tracks. But there's some big beast back by that rock."

"Must be a cow that's lost," declared Josh Flutner the cook. "Any bear I ever heard of would be taking his winter sleep now. He

wouldn't be running around in the woods after a bob sled or trying to scare Pod Wagrail."

"That's so—bears are taking their winter sleep now," agreed several other men.

"Well, I saw a bear, anyhow, when I was in Grandpa's sleigh," declared Buddy. "Maybe," he added, "bears don't sleep all winter. They maybe wake up, sometimes."

"I'll go out and have a look tomorrow, maybe," decided Josh. "That is if I can ever get enough beans baked in molasses so these men won't starve before I get back!" and he laughed in a jolly way.

While Mr. Martyne was talking over the lumber business with the foreman, Buddy wandered about the snowy camp and saw many things that interested him. He saw how the men lived and slept in the small log cabins and how their meals were cooked in the bigger one and set out on a long table, where the men sat on benches instead of chairs to eat.

"Some day I'm coming out here and eat with you," said Buddy to Josh Flutner.

"Sure! Come and welcome!" invited the cook.

In another part of the camp Buddy saw where the teams of big horses hauled the cut-down trees, or logs, to the edge of the river which was now low and frozen over. But in the spring, when the snow and ice melted, the river would be high with water and then the logs on its banks would be floated down to the saw mill many miles distant.

Before Mr. Martyne had finished his business with the foreman, and before Buddy had seen half the things he wanted to around the camp, it began to snow again, and there was quite a storm blowing up soon.

"We'll have to hurry home, Buddy!" said his father.

"I'll send you home in a bob sled," offered Jake Sparton, the foreman. "It's going to be a bad storm, I'm afraid."

And it was, almost as bad as the one when Buddy was driven out from Mountchester in the car that got stuck in a drift.

"I guess that bear will be snowed up in his den," said Buddy when he had taken off his snow shoes and had been wrapped in a fur robe in the bob sled.

"I guess he will!" chuckled Josh the cook.

The road from the camp to Grandpa's farm did not pass the "bear rock," as Buddy called it, so he could not see what had happened there. But he made up his mind he would try to get his grandfather to come out with his gun when the storm was over.

"I wish somebody would catch that bear!" said Buddy.

The storm lasted two days, during which time Buddy had to play around the house and barn. But as those two country boys, Ned and Henry, came over to play with him, he had company.

It was the second day after the storm was over that Buddy and his father once more went on snow shoes to the lumber camp. They passed the "bear rock," but it was almost covered from sight beneath a big, white drift and

no bear tracks could be seen in the snow.

"I guess he's in there yet," said Buddy.

"Maybe," said Mr. Martyne. "We won't bother him."

As on the other time when Buddy visited the camp, he wandered about looking at different sights while his father talked business with Jake Sparton the foreman. And, almost without knowing where he was going, Buddy wandered out of the camp and along a trail that led through the woods. It was a trail used by the lumbermen going to and coming from their work, deep in the forest.

"Maybe I'll meet Mr. Wagrail and he'll come out with me and see if the bear's there yet," thought Buddy as he walked along on his snow shoes.

On and on he walked. It was a bright, sunny day, and not cold after the storm. Buddy liked to be in the winter woods.

He saw, just ahead of him a sort of clearing among some tall trees and, to his surprise, he noticed, at one side of the clearing,

what seemed to be a rather small, log cabin.

"Why," exclaimed Buddy, "I didn't know any of the men lived out this far in the woods! I'll see who's in there."

The front door of the cabin was open, but it was a queer door. It slid up and down like a draw bridge instead of swinging to and fro like a door on hinges.

"This is queer!" thought Buddy. But, rather foolishly, he went in what he thought was a log cabin. It was a cabin, and it was made of logs, but no one lived in it.

And in a moment Buddy found this out. For, no sooner had he stepped inside than there was a banging, rattling sound behind him. The door, made of heavy slabs of wood, slid down in its grooves and Buddy was caught inside. Then he knew what had happened.

"I'm in a trap!" he exclaimed. "It must be a trap the men set to catch that bear! And I'm caught! Oh, dear! How am I going to get out?"

CHAPTER XI

BRICK TO THE RESCUE

BRICK, the dog, was tired of staying shut up in the barn back of Grandpa Martyne's house. Brick liked horses and he liked being in the barn. But when he had been shut up there nearly all of three or four days, and had not been allowed to go to the lumber camp with Buddy and his father, on account of the snow, then Brick began to think. I suppose that dogs think, and Brick was quite smart enough to think of many things.

So Brick thought it would be fine if somehow he could get out of the barn and run around until he found Buddy with whom, the dog was sure, he could have some fun.

Before Buddy and his father had started to the lumber camp that second morning after the big storm, Brick had been taken to the

barn by his little master and tied there.

"I'm sorry to shut you up here," Buddy had said. "But I guess you couldn't walk in the snow because you would sink right down in it, Brick, up to your stomach. 'Cause you haven't any snow shoes on. So you'd better stay in the barn."

Then Buddy and his father had gone away, leaving the dog shut in with the horses. But Brick did not stay there. Not long after the red haired boy and his father had left, Brick began nosing around and he found a hole by which he could crawl out of the barn.

With a bark of delight, he scrambled out into the snow. It was soft and deep and he did sink down to his stomach, as Buddy had said. But Brick did not mind this. In and out of drifts he floundered, sometimes sticking his nose deep into the white piles, for he wanted to sniff and smell which way Buddy had gone.

It did not take Brick, who was a smart dog, very long to get on Buddy's trail. Even though

he walked on snow shoes, Buddy left a trail that Brick could follow with his sharp nose. And so, floundering through the white drifts, at last Brick reached the lumber camp.

None of the men paid any attention to him as he ran about looking for Buddy. And Brick knew Buddy had been there, for the dog could tell this by his wonderful power of smell.

Mr. Martyne was too busy with the lumber foreman, talking about more trees to be cut down, to pay any heed to Brick. Buddy's father saw the dog, but gave him no thought, nor did he wonder how Brick had gotten out of the barn.

For a time Brick ran here and there about the camp, getting a whiff of Buddy here and another whiff, or smell, there, for Buddy had wandered far and near among the different buildings. And he left such a mixed trail that Brick had hard work to follow it.

At last Brick grew tired of trying to find his little master and sat down on a pile of boards, out of the snow, to rest. And it was

just about this time that Buddy wandered into that little "log cabin," as he called it, but which was, really, a bear trap.

"This is worse than being lost in the corn, or being shut up in Clover School," said Buddy to himself when he had tried to raise the heavy slab-door of the trap, and found he could not. "It was warm in the cornfield, 'cause it was summer, and it wasn't cold in school when I was locked in. But it's winter now, and it's cold out here."

However Buddy was warmly dressed and he was all in a glow for he had been walking quite fast. But now, as there was no snow inside the log bear trap, Buddy decided to take off the big, wide shoes. This did not take him long and, after that, he tried once more to raise the door that had fallen shut behind him. It was too heavy for the little boy, however.

"How am I ever going to get out?" Buddy wondered. "This bear trap is too strong for me to break. I guess maybe some of the men

will come out here, after a while, to see if they've caught a bear, and then they'll notice that the door is down and they'll come up to look and they'll let me out.

"But maybe they won't come until morning," thought the red haired boy, "and I'd have to stay in here all night. I wouldn't like that. I guess I'll yell and shout and maybe they'll hear me. This trap isn't so far out from the camp."

Buddy now shouted as loudly as he could. But the camp was farther away than he knew. And, even if it had been closer, there was so much noise made by the saw mill, and the steam engine which made it go, that none of the lumbermen could have heard the voice shouting for help.

"Well, my father will miss me, after a while," thought Buddy as he stopped to rest, after shouting as loudly as he could. "Then he'll come to look for me. He can see my snow shoe tracks, I guess."

Buddy did not know it, but there were so

many tracks around the lumber camp that Mr. Martyne would have had a hard time picking out those of Buddy. However there was another friend of the boy's who was soon to come to the rescue.

After resting a bit, Brick again took up his sniffing trail, and pretty soon he smelled out the way Buddy had taken to go along the path that led through the woods to the bear trap. It was quite smart of Brick, everyone said, to smell out Buddy's tracks among so many others all over the camp.

So it happened that soon after Buddy began shouting for help the second time, Brick was near the log bear trap. And, hearing his little master's voice, Brick gave a joyful bark and ran as fast as he could through the snow.

"Brick! Oh, Brick!" cried Buddy when he heard his pet's bark. "Oh, Brick! I'm caught in this trap! Go get Daddy, or somebody, to come and let me out! Go on, Brick!"

The dog leaped about more joyfully than before at hearing Buddy's voice and barked

and whined in answer. Then Brick tried to dig a hole in the snow under the edge of the log trap so he might get in and join his master. Buddy heard his dog digging and called:

"Don't do that! It won't be any use! You can't get in here, Brick, and I can't get out unless you dig a big hole. And you can't do that, 'cause there's too much snow and the ground is all frozen."

Brick barked once more as Buddy said this and then started to dig faster than before. So Buddy spoke sharply and called:

"Stop it, Brick! Go home! Go get my father or grandfather or some of the men! Go, Brick! Get somebody like you did when I was locked in the school. Get my father or grandfather."

Of course Brick did not know the difference between a father and a grandfather, but he seemed to understand what Buddy wanted. The dog pulled his nose out of the hole he had made in the snow at the edge of the log cabin trap and, with a final loud bark, ran back to-

ward the lumber camp to get some one to come and rescue Buddy.

"I hope he brings somebody," said Buddy with a sigh as he leaned up against the side of the log trap, for there was no place to sit down, unless he sat on the ground, and he did not want to do that.

A little later, loudly barking, Brick trotted into the lumber camp.

CHAPTER XII

BACON AND EGGS

MR. MARTYNE had finished his talk with Jake Sparton, the foreman, about some big trees that were to be cut down, when Brick came running into camp, having been out to the bear trap where Buddy was caught. The first thing Brick did was to bark as loudly as he could.

"Wonder what that dog is barking for?" asked Mr. Sparton.

"Oh, I suppose he and Buddy are having fun," said Mr. Martyne.

Then, all of a sudden, he happened to remember that Brick had been left shut in the barn that morning.

"I guess Brick must have found a way to get out," went on Mr. Martyne. "And now he is barking because he has found Buddy."

"He doesn't seem to have found Buddy," said the foreman. "Look at your dog. He's running around hunting for some one."

"So he is!" murmured Mr. Martyne. "I wonder what can be the matter? And I wonder where Buddy is?" he went on. "I don't see him."

"He was here a little while ago, when you and I started talking," said the foreman. "But he isn't here now."

"That's why Brick is barking—he can't find Buddy," went on Mr. Martyne. And just then the dog, having seen his little master's father, came running up to Mr. Martyne and caught hold of his coat with his teeth. Then Brick began to pull the lawyer along toward the path that led to the log bear trap deeper in the woods.

"What's the matter, Brick?" asked Mr. Martyne. "What is it?"

"He wants you to go with him!" said the foreman.

"That's right!" exclaimed several other

lumbermen. "Something has happened to the boy and the dog knows it."

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Buddy's father, anxiously.

"Go along with him!" urged the foreman. "I'll go with you!"

"So will I! And I!" echoed the other tree choppers.

"Take your axes!" ordered the foreman.

Brick now barked louder than before, but it was a bark of joy for the dog saw that Mr. Martyne and the lumbermen were coming to rescue Buddy. Leaping on ahead, with Mr. Martyne close behind him, Brick led the way to the path in the woods that was not often used. As soon as some of the men noticed this they said:

"He's going to the bear trap!"

"Then I know what's happened!" said the foreman. "Buddy is caught in the trap. I told Pod not to set it so near camp, but he would. He claimed the bear was hangin' around camp for what food he could get.

only hope Buddy wasn't caught when the sliding door fell shut and trapped him!"

However they soon found that Buddy was not in the least hurt. For Brick led the rescue party right up to the small, log cabin and there was no sign of any little boy having been caught under the dropped door. But from inside the cabin came Buddy's voice shouting:

"Help! Help! Let me out!"

"We'll soon have you out!" his father answered, and Buddy was very glad to hear that beloved voice. Brick barked joyfully, too, and Buddy was also glad to hear that noise.

"Stand back away from the door, Buddy, and we'll raise it up!" called the foreman, standing outside the trap.

It did not take long to hoist the door from the outside, though it could not have been so easily done from inside. If there had been a bear in the trap he could not have gotten out that way.

"Oh, Buddy!" exclaimed his father as the door was fastened up and the little boy walked

out, carrying his snow shoes. "Why did you go in that trap?"

"I didn't know it was a trap," was the answer. "I thought it was a little house that some one lived in, but as soon as I got inside the door fell shut behind me."

"He must have touched the trigger that held the door open," said Pod Wagrail who had helped make the trap. "That's what we wanted the bear to do, but we didn't think it would happen to Buddy."

"I'm not hurt," Buddy said with a laugh, "and I wasn't scared after Brick came and ran back to tell you to come, Daddy. I wonder how Brick found out where I was?"

"He must have broken his way out of the barn and smelled along the trail until he found you," said Mr. Martyne.

"He deserves a good supper for what he has done," said Pod.

"I'll see that he gets it," promised Mr. Martyne with a laugh.

"And now that everything is all right,"

said Jake Sparton, "let's pull this bear trap down. It isn't any good, anyhow, and we don't want it to catch any more little boys."

"Oh, I won't go in it again!" exclaimed Buddy. "I know what it is, now, and I'll keep away from it. Besides, I'd like to see that bear caught."

"It's all nonsense! I don't believe there is any bear hanging around this camp," said the foreman, who had never paid much heed to the bear talk of the other men.

"There's some animal in the den under the big rock," declared Buddy.

"Well, it's only a skunk or a woodchuck," said the foreman. "You'll never see a bear around here."

"I'm sure there's a bear!" insisted Buddy.

"So am I!" added Pod. "Didn't he chase me into camp?"

"You dreamed it!" chuckled the foreman. But after a while he said the trap could stand where the men had built it.

"But keep away from it!" he warned.

"I will!" promised the red haired boy.

So the trap was set again, the sliding door being fastened up by the trigger, or catch, and it was baited with some apples which, Pod said, any bear would be glad to get.

"You'll never catch a bear!" laughed the foreman. "There isn't a bear within a hundred miles of these woods. You just dreamed it, Pod."

So it seemed, for during the next week no sign was seen of any big, shaggy animal. There were no bear tracks around the trap, in the newly fallen snow and the apple bait wasn't touched.

Meanwhile Buddy was having a great deal of winter fun. He and his new chums, Ned and Henry, rode down hill on their sleds and spent some time about the lumber camp. Sometimes the two boys would come over to play with Buddy in his grandfather's barn.

One day Grandpa Martyne sent some bacon and eggs over to the lumber camp. Zeke Hanford took the food in a small bob sled and

Buddy rode with him over the snow, the bells on the horse jingling merrily in the frosty air.

"Well, that will taste good!" said the foreman, as he saw the bacon and eggs. "We'll have 'em for breakfast. Do you like bacon and eggs?" he asked Buddy.

"Oh, yes," answered the boy. "But I won't have any of these."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I won't be here to eat breakfast with you."

"Yes you will!" and the foreman laughed. "That's a surprise for you, Buddy. You are to stay out here all night in our lumber camp."

"Oh, am I?" At first Buddy was delighted, but as he saw it was getting dark he asked: "Is my father coming out, too?"

"Yes," the foreman answered, "he is. He'll be with you in a little while. He expects to meet a man here early in the morning and so he decided to come out and stay all night and you are also going to stay. So you'll have some of this bacon and eggs, all right."

"Oh, goodie!" cried Buddy, delighted that, at last, he could spend a night in the lumber camp with his father to help share the joys. "Bacon and eggs—goodie!" He jumped up and clicked his heels twice at which the lumberman laughed.

"Don't be too sure about having some of these eggs and bacon," spoke Pod Wagrail.

"Why not?" asked the foreman quickly.

"Because," was the answer, "that bear might come in the night and suck those eggs and eat that bacon for himself."

"Bah! Nonsense!" chuckled the foreman. "I tell you there isn't any bear!"

"Just you wait and see!" said Pod. "I know what I'm talking about! Why this very noon," he went on, shaking a finger at the foreman, "some animal took my lunch while I was off chopping in the woods."

"Took your lunch! Nonsense!" chuckled the foreman. "You ate it yourself and forgot about it! Ha! Ha!"

"I did not!" cried Pod while Buddy looked

and listened eagerly. "I tell you there's a big bear hiding out around this lumber camp and he may sneak in after dark, this very night, and take our eggs and bacon. You mind what I'm telling you!" warned Pod Wagrail.

The shadows were growing longer and darker in the woods. Buddy looked around a bit anxiously. He began to wish his father would come.

CHAPTER XIII

A COASTING RACE

"COME on with me," suddenly called Pod Wagrail to Buddy.

"Where you going to take him?" asked the lumber camp foreman. "His father will soon be coming along." Buddy was glad to hear this.

"I was just going to take him out in the woods where I was chopping a while ago," went on Pod, "and show him where the bear got my lunch basket."

"Well, don't get lost, and come back soon," warned Mr. Sparton. "As for seeing where the bear was, you can't, for there wasn't any bear! Ha! Ha! You dreamed it, Pod!"

"You'll see," was all the answer Pod made, but as he and Buddy walked along through camp the man turned to the little boy and said:

"You and I are about the only ones who have seen this bear; aren't we?"

"I guess so," Buddy answered, and then, as he looked around at the woods that were getting darker and darker he added: "But I don't want to see a bear now."

"Why not?" asked Pod with half a laugh.

"Well," answered Buddy, who wasn't exactly afraid and who did not intend to say so, "if you see a bear now, when it's getting dark, you can't tell if it's a horse or a cow."

"That's so!" chuckled Mr. Wagrail. "Well, I don't expect to see the bear now. He's gone to bed, very likely, but he may wake up before daylight and get the bacon and eggs if Jake doesn't hide 'em away. I was just going to show you where I was when the bear got my lunch. It isn't far off."

"Did the bear really get your lunch?" asked Buddy.

"Sure he did! Or some animal did and I'm certain it was a bear," went on the lumberman. "Here's where it was," he added as

they walked a little deeper into the woods. "I was chopping here and I set my basket of lunch on that flat stump, as I didn't want to go all the way back to camp to eat. I worked all morning and at noon, when I heard the saw-engine whistle blow, I went to get my lunch. But it was gone."

"Where was it gone?" Buddy asked.

"Gone down that bear's stomach, I expect," was the reply. "When I went to get my basket it had been knocked over and most of my lunch was eaten. But I wasn't very hungry so what was left was enough for me."

"Did you see the bear?" eagerly asked Buddy.

"No, I didn't exactly *see* him," admitted Pod. "But who else but a bear would take my lunch when I was chopping trees?"

"A dog might," said the red haired boy with a laugh.

"Would your dog Brick do a thing like that?"

"No, I don't guess Brick would," Buddy

answered. "But maybe a stray, hungry dog might."

"Well, it wasn't dog tracks that I saw in the snow around the stump where I left my lunch," Pod declared. "It wasn't dog tracks."

"Oh, then you saw some *bear* tracks?" cried Buddy.

"Sure I did!" answered Pod. "That bear must have sneaked up when I was chopping and had my back turned and he ate most of my lunch and then he ran away. It's a good thing he didn't try to eat me or I'd have hit him with my chopping axe."

"I guess bears don't eat a man," said Buddy.

"Maybe not," agreed his friend. "But, anyhow, one ate my lunch and I've shown you the place and you believe me; don't you? You believe there's a bear around this camp; don't you?"

"Yes," said Buddy, "I do. I'm sure I saw a bear running along in the woods when I was riding in Grandpa's bob sled and after that

I saw bear tracks under the big rock. So there must be a bear."

"There is!" declared Pod. "And Jake better be careful of his bacon and eggs."

Even though he told himself, over and over again, that he was not afraid of a bear in the woods about the lumber camp, Buddy was glad when he and Pod turned out of the dark forest and went back where lanterns were glowing in the cook house and cabins.

Buddy heard a loud barking as he drew near the camp and he guessed that it was his dog, which proved to be true. For a little later Brick, who had come in a sleigh with Mr. Martyne, rushed over to meet his red haired master.

"Now if the bear comes in the night Brick will bark at him," said Buddy as he gently pulled his dog's ears.

"Don't think so much about bears," advised Mr. Martyne with a laugh. "Did they tell you, Buddy, that you and I are going to stay here in camp all night?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "And I'm glad. But where are we going to sleep?"

"In my cabin, with me," said Jake Sparton. "There are some extra bunks there and it's got a good fireplace to keep you warm."

"It's fun to stay in a lumber camp," said Buddy and he ran about a little with Brick before it was time to eat supper.

Buddy had some of the hearty food the lumber workers ate, and though he only took one helping of baked beans and molasses he said they were fine. It was fun to sit between his father and Jake Sparton on a bench at the long table and eat with the big lumbermen. What appetites they had! Pod Wagrail sent his plate back three times to have it refilled with pork and beans. As for dessert, why, each man seemed to eat a half a pie all by himself. But Buddy took only a small piece.

After supper Buddy enjoyed himself by listening to the men sing while Pod played a wheezy accordion. Jolly songs they were, too, and the men's voices rang out loudly in

the still, frosty air as they quit the big cabin, where they had eaten, to go to the smaller cabins where they slept.

Buddy thought he could have stayed up all night to listen to the songs and the accordion music. But, before he knew it, his head began to nod and his eyes would not stay open so his father took him to bed.

The bed was not like any Buddy had ever, before, slept in. It was like a pantry shelf, only not so high up, and much wider. On it were soft, wool blankets and when he had put on the warm, flannel pajamas that his mother had sent him from Grandpa's house, Buddy snuggled under the covers and, for a little while, watched the crackling flames on the hearth.

Undressing had awakened him a little, but as he lay in his "bunk," which is what the shelf-like bed was called, listening to his father and the foreman talk, soon Buddy's eyes began once more to stay closed longer and longer each time he shut them. Until, at

last, he did not open them again, even to look at Brick curled up in front of the fire.

The next thing the red haired boy knew was seeing a bright light in the cabin and watching his father and the foreman moving about. Buddy sat up, rubbed his eyes and asked:

"Is anything the matter? Did the bear come?"

"Nonsense!" his father laughed. "Of course no bear came!" And as Buddy looked at Brick stretching before the crackling fire, the little boy knew his dog would have barked had a bear visited the camp. Brick, however, had been quiet all night.

"But what are you getting up for?" Buddy asked, wondering.

"It's morning—time for men-folks to go to work," chuckled the foreman. "But you needn't get up so early, sonny. Lie abed as long as you like."

"Oh, no. I'm going to get up!" Buddy declared. "I want to see if the bear got the

bacon and eggs. Only I hope he didn't!"

"Indeed he didn't!" laughed Mr. Sparton. "We'll have those eggs and bacon for breakfast."

And they did. Buddy was surprised to find that he had slept all through the night, and that, indeed, it was now morning, though the sun was scarcely to be seen on account of the thick trees in the woods. But, as he dressed in front of the warm fire, he looked out of a partly frosted window and saw the red, rosy beams of the sun slanting through the evergreens. Another day had begun.

Buddy and Brick remained in the lumber camp all that morning, while Mr. Martyne talked over some business matters with the foreman and another man. Once Buddy and his dog went out to where Pod was chopping trees. The blue eyed boy hoped he might get a glimpse of the bear, but all he saw was a black, cawing crow which seemed to laugh at him— "Haw! Haw! Haw!'

"Oh, that bear will come back!" declared

Pod as he swung his axe and made the white chips fly. "Just you wait. That bear will come back!"

But there was not even the track of a bear to be seen when Buddy went back to his grandfather's house with his daddy.

The next day it rained a little, but not enough to melt much snow, and in the night it froze. The following day, when Buddy went out with Brick, boy and dog found a slippery glare of ice over all the ground.

"Oh, this will be fine for coasting on the hill!" cried Buddy. "I'll go get Ned and Henry. We'll have a race! Hurray!" He clicked his heels almost three times.

The other boys were already out with their sleds when Buddy reached their homes. It was Saturday so there was no school and soon several other country boys and girls had joined the three chums on the coasting hill.

"Did you ever hitch your dog to your sled and have him pull you like the Eskimos do at the North Pole?" asked Ned as Brick frisked

around the three friends after they had coasted for a while.

"No," Buddy answered, "I never did. I wonder if Brick could pull a sled?"

"Sure he could!" said Henry.

"I'll try it this afternoon," went on Buddy. "But come on, now, if we're going to have that race." He and his two friends had decided to have a sled race on the coasting hill after some of the crowd had gone, which happened when it was nearly noon.

"Oh, yes, let's race!" cried Ned. "My sled is the fastest!"

"No, mine is!" said Henry.

"I don't know much about this sled," Buddy remarked. "It's an old one that my father used to have when he was a little boy and lived out here. Home in Mountchester I've got a fast sled. It could beat both yours," and he smiled at Ned and Henry.

"Maybe that old sled is faster than you think," said Henry. "Come on, let's have the race!"

They got on their sleds at the top of the hill, pushed themselves along until they were all three on an even line for the start and then Tom Poldy, who was not going to race, gave the word to go.

"Are you ready?" asked Tom, just like a ringmaster in the circus.

"Ready!" answered Buddy.

"Ready!" said Henry.

"Let's go!" shouted Ned.

"Go!" yelled Tom.

And away they raced down the coasting hill, sliding faster and faster each moment.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SNOW MAN

"COME on now, old sled! Go fast! Go fast!" Buddy called to the queer bob on which he was sitting—the sled his father had used to coast with when he was a boy. Buddy was talking to the sled as if it were alive, like Brick, who, barking loudly, was having a race all by himself at the side of the hill.

And, as if the old fashioned sled knew, and understood, it slid along the icy hill very fast. Buddy had never known it to glide along so well since he had been playing with it. What had happened, very likely, was that the sled runners, which had been rusted, were now worn bright and shiny. And everyone knows that you can't coast fast on rusty runners.

"Slide along, Hickory! Slide along!"

called Ned to his bob. He had named it "Hickory" after the wood from which it was made.

"Here comes Oak! Look out for Oak!" yelled Henry, also giving his sled a wooden name. "I'm going to win this race!"

And so it seemed, for though Buddy's sled was ahead at the start down the hill, now Henry's sled shot forward and passed the other two.

"We mustn't let him beat us!" cried Ned, as he steered his sled a little to one side. They were half way to the bottom.

"I'm coming!" shouted Buddy, also steering toward a part of the hill which seemed more smooth and slippery.

All three boys were lying flat on their stomachs on their sleds, their legs extending over the rear of the bobs. They steered with their feet, touching first one and then the other to the ground when they wanted to go to the left or right.

For a moment or two Buddy thought his

sled was going to get to the bottom of the hill first, but Henry's sled passed him, and then Ned's, so it appeared that Buddy would come in last.

But, all of a sudden, Ned shot off to one side and landed in a bank of snow. His sled had struck a lump of ice and had swung off the course. This left Buddy and Henry to finish the race, and Henry won, though Buddy was not far behind him.

"Let's race again!" suggested Ned as he picked himself out of the snow with a laugh. "I didn't have a good chance."

"That's right," agreed Buddy. "We'll race over again."

"And then we'll see if we can hitch Brick to your sled and make him pull you," said Henry.

"Like an Eskimo dog," added Ned.

Once more the three boys pushed off at the top of the hill, and this time Buddy steered so well, or else his bob was on such a slippery part of the slide, that he easily reached the

bottom first and won the race. This time Ned did not go in a snow bank.

"Come on over to my grandfather's barn after dinner and we'll make a harness for Brick," suggested Buddy to his new chums.

"I'll be there!" promised Ned.

"And we'll play Eskimo!" said Henry.

After dinner Buddy went out to the barn where he found some old straps from a broken harness which Zeke Hanford, the hired man, gave him. From these pieces Buddy made a broad collar, with traces, which he put on Brick.

"You're going to be an Eskimo dog," Buddy told his pet.

Brick wagged his tail as if he liked the fun, though perhaps he did not quite understand what it was all about. By the time Ned and Henry had hurried over from their houses, Buddy had his dog hitched to his sled.

"Now sit on it and see if he'll pull you," said Ned.

Buddy took his place on the sled and called:

"Gid-dap! Run along, you Eskimo dog!"

Brick strained and pulled but the sled did not move.

"I guess your dog isn't very strong," remarked Henry.

"He is so!" declared Buddy. "He's good and strong! But I guess the sled is stuck in some soft snow. It's hard to start. Give me a push in back and Brick will pull me all right."

And, surely enough, when the other boys, with a push, started the sled off from where it really had become stuck in some soft snow, Brick had no trouble in pulling it along and giving Buddy a fine ride.

"That's dandy!" shouted Ned, running beside Buddy.

"Just like an Eskimo!" added Henry. "I wish I had a dog like that."

"Didn't I tell you he was strong enough?" asked Buddy, proudly.

"That's right—he is," admitted Ned.

Brick pulled his little master all around

the barn and then Buddy got off the sled and said to his chums:

"You can have some turns now."

"Maybe he won't pull us," spoke Ned.

"Sure he will, if I tell him to," said Buddy.

And, surely enough, when Ned took his place on the sled Brick trotted along, pulling him as he had pulled his master. And it was the same with Henry. So the boys played at being Eskimos until Buddy suggested that Brick might be tired, which was the truth. The dog was panting hard.

"What'll we do now?" Henry asked, after a while.

"Let's go back on the hill and coast some more," proposed Ned.

"No, I've had enough of sled riding," Buddy exclaimed. "Oh, I know what we can do!" he eagerly cried.

"What?" asked his two chums.

"Let's make a snow man and throw snowballs at it."

"Fine!" cried Ned.

"Maybe the snow won't pack good enough to make a man," objected Henry.

But the boys found, after scraping off the hard, top crust, that the snow beneath was just right for packing. So they rolled some snowballs for the head, body and legs of the snow man, put them together and shaped them and soon had a fine, white image standing near the barn.

They found an old hat for the top of his head, some pieces of coal made fine eyes, a lump of snow was a nose and for a mouth Buddy got a piece of red flannel from his grandmother to make it look as if the snow man had red lips.

"Now let's see who can knock his hat off with a snowball!" cried Buddy when the frozen man was finished.

CHAPTER XV

A RUNAWAY BALL

BUDDY and his chums had each made a pile of snowballs in readiness for firing at the white man. They did this so they would not have to stop and roll a ball each time they wanted to take a shot at his old, battered hat which Buddy had found up in the attic.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" cried Buddy and the three boys each threw a snowball at the snow man.

Ned's "bullet" as they called the snowballs, sailed over the man's head. Henry's hit the snow man in his stomach and stuck there, but the snow man did not even grunt.

Buddy's ball went straighter and almost hit the hat.

"Good shot!" cried Ned. "Try it again!"

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" called Buddy.

Once more the balls flew through the air, and this time Buddy's hit the white man on the chin, while Henry's stuck on his face, covering one black, coal eye, and Ned's hit the hat squarely and knocked it off, sailing it through the air to the ground.

"That's the best shot yet!" yelled Buddy. "I wish I could do that!"

"So do I!" echoed Henry.

Again they fired and, after several more shots, Buddy knocked the hat off. Then Henry had good luck and for some time after that the chums played at snowballing the white image while Brick raced about, sniffing here and there as he always did when out with Buddy.

"Wow! That was a good one!" cried Henry as Buddy threw a ball which landed on the snow man's nose, making it look very queer and big.

"If that had been a bear you would have made him howl," said Ned. "A bear's nose is very tender."

"I guess a bear wouldn't stand still like this snow man does and let you hit him," spoke Henry. "But it was a good shot."

"I'd like to snowball a bear, if I didn't hit him on the nose where it would hurt him too much," Buddy said. "I guess if he got hit on his thick fur it wouldn't hurt."

"No," agreed Henry. "But there's no chance of snowballing a bear around here."

"There might be," said Buddy. "There's a bear roaming in the woods around the lumber camp."

"There is?" cried Ned and Henry at once, both very much excited.

"How do you know?" Ned asked.

"Because I saw him," answered Buddy.

"You saw a bear in the lumber camp?" inquired Henry. "Go on! You did not!"

"Well, I didn't exactly *see* him in the lumber camp," Buddy explained, and he went on to tell what he knew about the bear and how he was sure he had seen one shuffling off in the snow storm, when the auto was stuck in

the drift and they had to ride in his grandfather's sled.

"Whew!" whistled Ned as he heard this. "I didn't know there was a bear around here. I'm going to watch out for him."

"Oh, I don't believe he'll hurt anybody," said Buddy. "He runs away most of the time, I guess. And he won't go near the trap the lumbermen set for him."

"I wouldn't go near a trap, either, if I was a bear," said Henry. "I wouldn't want to be caught."

The other boys said they wouldn't, either, and, having rested a bit while they had this talk about bears, they once more began tossing balls at the snow man.

"Here goes for a good one!" cried Buddy throwing with all his might and hoping he would hit the hat.

And he did, though the hat he hit wasn't exactly the one he had aimed at. For just then Zeke, the hired man, came around the corner of the barn, not knowing the boys were

playing there, and Buddy's snowball struck Zeke's hat squarely, knocking it off his head.

"Hey! What's the idea?" cried the hired man, jumping back behind the barn. "What you firing at me for?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to!" said Buddy as he ran forward to pick up the hat. "I was throwing at the snow man."

"Um! Oh, I see!" and the hired man laughed as he came out and looked at the white image. "Well, I'm glad I'm not him!" he went on as he saw how battered the face was. "You hit him good and plenty!"

"I hope I didn't hit you," said Buddy.

"No, only my hat, and you can't hurt that for it's an old one," said the hired man as he put it back on his head.

"Want to try a shot, Mr. Hanford?" asked Henry.

"Well, I might try my luck," was the answer. "Maybe I'll miss, though."

He made himself a hard, round snowball, stood where the boys had stood and suddenly

threw. The snowball flew straight at the white man's hat and knocked it off. Then Zeke quickly threw another, calling as he did so:

"Here's one for his nose!" And the ball went just where he said it would—on what was left of the snow man's nose!

"Here's one for his left eye!" cried the hired man with a laugh and, to the surprise of Buddy and his chums, he landed a snowball in that very place.

"That's straight throwing!" said Buddy. "How can you do it?" He and the other boys wondered at the way Zeke could tell just where his snowballs were going to strike each time.

"Oh, I used to be a pitcher on a baseball nine when I was a young fellow," chuckled the hired man as he walked along to do some of his chores around the farm.

After he was gone, Buddy and his chums tried to imitate Zeke, but, though a few of their shots went straight, most of them flew wide of the mark. Then they grew tired of that sport and Buddy said:

"Let's do something else! How about it?"

"What?" Ned wanted to know.

"Let's go skating," proposed Henry.

"Oh, yes!" cried Buddy. "I haven't been ice skating since I came to Glenford."

"The only good place to skate is on the river," said Henry, "and that's too rough now. After another rain and freeze it will be good. But it's no good now. There's no use going skating."

"Then I know what we can do!" suggested Buddy.

"What?" asked his chums.

"We can roll a big snowball—let's make one as big as this snow man—I mean as tall as he is."

"We never could make a ball as big as that," Henry objected.

"Well, let's try, anyhow," said Buddy.

So they began. They found a place where the sun had partly melted the snow, making it soft so it would pack well and, first starting with a small ball, they soon had one that was

quite large. In a short time the snowball was so big that it was all the three boys could do to roll it along and each time they gave it a push it grew larger, for more snow clung to it as it turned over and over.

"We can't get it any bigger!" said Henry at last as he leaned against it to rest.

"Let's try!" suggested Buddy. "Let's see if we can get it to the top of that hill," and he pointed to one not far away and close to the road that extended alongside his grandfather's house.

After much grunting and pushing, the boys at last managed to get the big snowball to the top of the hill. They intended to let it stay there, looking like some big, white stone in the afternoon shadows, for night was coming. But, somehow or other, they gave the ball a little extra push as they got it to the top of the hill and, a moment later, it began to roll down the other side.

"Why, it's a runaway snowball!" yelled Buddy as he saw it going faster and faster

down the hill. "Look! Look! It's running away!"

"That's what it is!" agreed Ned. "Look at it go!"

Faster and faster the big ball rolled and now the boys saw that it would roll right across the road at the foot of the hill.

"I hope nobody comes along when the ball gets to the road," said Henry. "If they do they'll get bumped!"

And then, looking down, Buddy shouted:

"Somebody's coming now—somebody in a sled! Look!"

CHAPTER XVI

SNOW HOUSE FUN

BUDDY was so excited that, hardly knowing what he was doing, he jumped up in the air and clicked the heels of his rubber boots together. This was a trick he had learned from his Uncle Henry, but it was the first time Ned or Henry had seen their new chum do it.

"Oh, how'd you learn to do that?" cried Ned eagerly.

"Do it again!" suggested Henry.

"No! I don't want to do it now!" Buddy answered. "I didn't know I was doing it. But look! Our big snowball will bump right into that man if he doesn't get out of the way quick!"

So it seemed, for the runaway ball was bouncing down the steep hill toward the road,

and along the road was coming a farmer driving a horse hitched to a single bob sled.

"Oh! Oh! Something's going to happen! Something's going to happen!" cried Buddy in a queer, sing-song voice. And once more he jumped up and clicked his heels together. He tried to do it three times, before he landed back on the ground, but could only make two clicks. Uncle Henry could make three, but then Uncle Henry was a grown man.

"Hi! Look out the way!" yelled Ned.

"Look out for the snowball!" shouted Henry.

"It'll bump into you!" and Buddy added his voice to that of his two chums.

But the bells on the horse drawing the bob sled were jingling loudly and the man himself was singing a song, and with the jingling and singing he did not hear what the boys called. The snowball did not make any noise as it rolled down the hill.

Everything seemed to promise an accident. The man and his horse and sled were moving

along just fast enough so that they would be on the road at the very place where the big snowball would strike. And the boys, up on top of the hill, could only look down and shout. They could not stop the snowball. It was too big and was rolling too fast.

"And, even if we were down there to stop it, we couldn't, for it would knock us out of the way!" said Ned.

"The only thing we could do, if we were down in the road, would be to stop the man and his horse and he could let the snowball roll past," suggested Henry.

But they were too far away to get down to the road in time and Buddy began to wish that he and his chums had never thought of rolling such a big ball. Or perhaps it might have been all right to make it, but they should never have rolled it to the top of the hill. They really did not mean to push it down—the ball had done that itself.

Louder jingled the bells on the horse. Louder sang the man.

If he had only glanced up he would have seen the snowball coming and then he could have stopped. But he was so anxious to finish the song that he only looked straight ahead and kept time, in his song tune, to the jingle of the bells.

All of a sudden, just when it seemed that the big snowball would roll into the road and hit the horse and perhaps knock the animal down, or maybe smash into the man and sled —all of a sudden the rolling ball struck a big tree that was on the edge of the road at the bottom of the hill.

"Oh, that's lucky!" cried Ned.

"I didn't notice that tree before," spoke Harry.

"I guess the snowball didn't, either!" said Buddy.

For the big, white ball had hit the tree so hard that the round mass of packed snow was split in two parts, as you might cut an apple with a knife. Cleanly in two the snowball was split. One part bounced in front of the man

and his horse while the other half bounced behind him and his sled.

Not until then did the man stop singing and look up. And, when he saw what had happened, he pulled on the reins and cried:

"Whoa!"

The horse stopped at once, but did not seem to be frightened by having seen half a big snowball fly across the road in front of his eyes.

Then the man looked up the hill and saw Buddy and his two chums coming down.

"Well, boys, what kind of fun do you call that?" asked the man as he looked at the pieces of the big snowball, now broken to bits, and scattered in the ditch, on the other side of the road.

"We didn't mean to do it," said Buddy who, with his chums, had now reached the bottom of the hill.

"We rolled the ball and got it to the top of the hill," went on Ned, "and then——"

"It got away from us!" finished Henry.

"We tried to holler to you but you didn't hear us."

"I guess you were singing too loud," said Buddy.

"Yes, I reckon I was singing middling loud," admitted the man, and he laughed a little. "Well, I'm glad you didn't roll a big snowball at me on purpose. It's all right as long as no harm's done. So I won't say anything about it to anybody."

"Thank you, Mr. Trotpick," spoke Ned, for he and his country chum knew the man. "We're sorry about it and we didn't mean to do it."

"Fair enough spoken," chuckled the grizzled, old farmer. "Boys must have fun—I did when I was your age. And you rolled a pretty, middling big ball," he added. "Pretty middling big!"

"Yes, it was big," admitted Buddy. "If it had hit you I guess it would have bumped you hard."

"Not a bit of doubt about it!" chuckled Mr.

Trotpick. "But a miss is as good as a mile. What you boys doing out here, anyhow?" he went on as he pulled on the reins and got ready to drive along. "Are you hunting bears?" and he laughed.

"Do you know anything about bears—about a big, black bear same as the one I saw?" asked Buddy, eagerly. "He's around the lumber camp but they can't catch him in the trap, though he didn't take any eggs and bacon yet. Have you seen that bear?"

"Bless my sleigh bells!" exclaimed Mr. Trotpick. "What a lot you can say in a short time, bub! You're a stranger around here, I take it," he said, looking at Ned and Henry whom he knew for he was a friend of their fathers'.

"He's just visiting here—at his grandfather's," explained Ned. "He's Buddy Martyne."

"Oh, yes, I know Mr. Martyne," said Mr. Trotpick with a smile.

"He's my grandfather," Buddy explained.

"He saw the bear, too! Where did you see it?"

It turned out, though, that Mr. Trotpick had not seen any bear at all, that is not in several years.

"I just asked you, for fun, if you were out here hunting bears," explained Mr. Trotpick with another laugh. "I might just as well have said elephants. I didn't s'pose you were hunting bears, of course, for there's been no bears around here since I was a small lad like any of you three."

"But there has been a bear around here," said Buddy. "I saw it and so did my grandfather and so did Pod Wagrail."

Mr. Trotpick shook his head as he called to his horse.

"Pod Wagrail is all right," he said, "but he dreams a lot of stuff and then he thinks it really happened. I expect he dreamed about that bear! Go on, Jim!" and the horse again started to jingle its bells.

"Well, I didn't dream about any bear!" said

Buddy as he and his chums started for their homes. "I really saw it!"

And by this time Ned and Henry were beginning to be almost as sure about the big, black, shaggy animal as was Buddy, though they had never seen it.

"I'll show that bear to you some time!" promised Buddy and he did not guess how soon he was to keep that promise.

"Well," remarked Henry as he tramped on through the snow with the other two. "I'm glad the runaway snowball didn't hit anybody."

"So am I!" added Ned.

"It would have been terrible if it had," agreed Buddy and once more he jumped up and clicked his heels twice.

"Show us how to do that!" begged Henry.

"Please!" asked Ned.

"I will tomorrow!" Buddy promised.

But when the next day came there was a hard snow storm and Mrs. Martyne said it would not be wise for Buddy to go out. So he

stayed in the house and had fun up in the attic, where there were many curious things with which he could amuse himself.

He wished Henry and Ned would come over to play with him after school, but his chums did not and Buddy was uncertain whether or not they had gone to school in the storm.

The next day was fair, and the sun shone bright and warm on big piles of snow that had come down in the night. Buddy and his father went to the lumber camp on snowshoes, but Brick had to stay in the barn, for the snow was too deep for him and all the paths were covered.

Buddy asked Pod and the other lumbermen if they had seen anything of the bear, and was told they had not.

"If a bear has any sense he won't come out in this weather," said Pod. "It's bad enough for lumbermen, let alone little boys and bears."

"Oh, I like winter!" said Buddy with a laugh. "It's fun!"

Saturday soon came along and then, hav-

ing no school, Ned and Henry hurried over to play with Buddy.

"What'll we do?" asked Buddy as he greeted his chums.

"We can't go skating 'cause the ice is all covered with snow," said Henry.

"And the hill isn't packed hard enough so we can't coast," added Ned.

"Then what about building a snow house?" Buddy wanted to know. "Wouldn't that be great fun?"

"Lots of fun!" agreed Ned.

"If the snow will pack so it won't cave in on us," said Henry.

"I guess it will," Buddy answered. "We can try, anyhow."

And when they tried it, the boys found the snow just right, as it had been the time they rolled the big white ball that ran away down hill.

First they got shovels from the barn and made a big pile of snow in the shape of a large, pointed cap, or ice cream cone.

"We can just dig out the inside of the pile and then we'll have a snow house shaped like an Indian tent," Buddy explained. "But we got to pack the snow good and hard."

After a while the snow pile grew larger and higher and when it had been firmly packed the boys began digging in one side, tossing away the snow they dug out and leaving a thin wall of white for the sloping sides of the snow house.

"Will it be big enough for all three of us to get in?" Ned asked as the hole in the side of the cone-shaped pile of snow grew larger and larger.

"I guess so," answered Henry.

"If it isn't we can take turns," suggested Buddy.

CHAPTER XVII

BUDDY GOES SKATING

WORKING carefully, so they would not cut the walls of their snow house too thin, Buddy and his chums at last had made the hole large enough so the three of them could squeeze inside.

"But it isn't like a real house 'cause there isn't any door to it and there aren't any windows," said Henry.

"We can make believe there are windows and it's almost as good," Ned replied. "Anyhow, if we wanted to, we could cut a hole here," and he pointed to the back of the tent-like house. "And a window is only a hole with some glass in."

"That's right," decided Buddy. "Anyhow, if we had holes or windows in our house we'd be cold in here. And now it's warm."

"Yes, it would be colder with windows," Henry admitted. "But I think it would be nicer if we had some sort of a door."

They all were of the same mind about this and Henry suggested that perhaps they might find some boards in Grandpa Martyne's barn and could use them for a door.

"But the boards would be so heavy they might make our snow house fall in on us," objected Ned.

"Oh, I know what will make a fine door!" suddenly exclaimed Buddy.

"What?" his chums asked.

"A horse blanket," went on Buddy. "I can get a horse blanket out of the barn, for when they're in the barn the horses are warm and don't need to wear blankets. And we can hang a blanket in front of the hole we made to scoop the inside snow out of our house and then we can sit inside and it will be like a real house with a door."

"That will be fine!" said Henry.

"But it will be pretty dark unless we make

a hole for a window," said the other boy.

"We can get a candle—I guess Grandma will let me have one," said Buddy, "and we can play we are real Eskimos at the North Pole."

"Wowie! What fun!" yelled Henry and he was going to jump up and try to click his heels together, as he had seen Buddy do, only there was no room. And if he had jumped too high he might have poked his head through the side of the snow house.

"Go get the blanket, Buddy!" urged Ned.

"And the candles!" added Henry.

"And bring Brick," went on Ned. "Always Eskimos have a dog in the snow house with them. I guess a dog helps them to keep warm."

"Sure, I'll get Brick!" promised Buddy. "And what about something to eat?"

"You mean something to eat for your dog?" asked Ned.

"No, for us!" Buddy said. "Wouldn't it be fun to pretend we were really living in the

snow house—eating and sleeping and everything like that? Wouldn't it?"

"Lots of fun!" agreed his chums.

"Then I'll ask Grandma to give me something to eat," Buddy said.

"And Henry and I will get some boxes from the barn so we can sit on 'em," went on Ned. "It isn't any fun to sit on the snow."

"Not if you sit so long that it begins to melt and you feel wet," added Buddy. "All right, you get the boxes and I'll get the dog and blanket and something to eat."

It was rather a tighter fit than before for the boys when they put some boxes inside the snow house that was shaped like a tent. But by moving about carefully and edging around they managed. Brick was eager to be with the boys again, for he had been shut up in the barn long enough, he thought.

"What do you want with something to eat?" asked Buddy's mother as he went in the house to ask for it.

"We're playing snow house," he answered.

"Snow houses don't eat!" said Grandma Martyne with a laugh.

"Well, *boys* in snow houses eat!" Buddy answered, and then he was given some bread and jam—enough for him and his chums with the crusts left over to feed Brick. And Grandma also put some newly baked molasses cookies in the box that she filled with slices of bread and jam.

"But I'd rather you wouldn't take a candle," Buddy's mother told him when he asked for that. "It might tip over and you would get burned. Even a little burn hurts a great deal. I don't believe it will be very dark in your snow house, even if you do hang a blanket over the hole for a door."

"All right," said Buddy. "We can have fun eating, anyhow."

And he and his chums found that, even with the blanket over the door hole, it was quite light. For the sides of the snow house were very light, of course, and it was hardly dark even after the sun began to go down.

"Golly! This is fun!" cried Henry as he sat on a box and helped Buddy spread out the good things to eat on another box that served as a table.

"I'm glad our school boiler broke so I could come up to this snow camp!" said Buddy. "I never had so much fun!"

They pretended Brick was an Eskimo dog, and that the bread and jam was whale or seal blubber which, so Buddy had read in story books, was what the Eskimos ate.

"Then what's this piece of cookie?" asked Ned holding up a section before putting it in his mouth.

"That's polar bear meat," said Buddy with a laugh, still pretending.

"Well, here's some whale blubber for Brick," chuckled Henry as he handed the dog some pieces of crusts. And Brick seemed glad to get them. So glad that he began moving about and wagging his tail. But the tail wagging had to be stopped, for when doing that Brick hit the side of the snow house and,

as it was thin, Buddy thought a hole might be knocked in it.

"And when that happens the whole house will tumble down on our heads," he told his chums. "So you got to keep quiet, Brick."

Brick curled up again and seemed to go to sleep while Buddy and his chums made believe talk like Eskimos who were waiting for a big storm to blow away before they went out to hunt seals through the ice.

But at last all the bread, jam and molasses cookies were eaten, and it began to get dark, even with the white walls of the snow house to brighten the inside. It grew colder, too, so the boys decided they had had enough fun for a while.

"We'll play here some more, though," said Buddy as his friends hurried home.

"Sure!" they agreed.

But the next day, which was Sunday, there was a hard rain that melted the snow house down into a sorry looking lump. It rained for two days after that and made everything

dreary. The only bright spot for Buddy was when Ned came over in a rain coat and rubber boots and said:

"When it clears off and freezes there'll be fine skating."

"Oh, goodie!" exclaimed Buddy and, being in his slippers in the house, he jumped up and clicked his heels together twice. It was almost three times, but not quite.

"I wish you'd teach me that trick!" said Ned earnestly.

"I will," Buddy promised. "But take your boots off, for it's hard to do it with boots on. Here, I'll lend you my slippers."

So the lesson began and Ned learned to jump up and knock his heels together once before landing back on the floor.

"I guess I never can do it twice," he said.

"Sure you can!" declared Buddy. "I thought I never could when my Uncle Henry was teaching me. But I did, though I can't yet do it three times as he can. Go on, try."

Ned tried again, jumping up and down like

a rubber ball and knocking his heels in Buddy's slippers until at last Grandma Martyne, and Buddy's mother, also, came running into the room seeking to know why the whole house seemed to shake so.

"Oh, I guess it's on account of us jumping," explained Buddy, smiling.

"We better stop, I guess," suggested Ned, in a whisper.

"Perhaps you had," said Buddy's mother, for the boys were doing their jumping in an upper room. "If you don't, you may knock down some of the plaster in the hall below. Wait until you can go out in the barn to practice."

"All right," answered Ned.

He took off the slippers.

"But you have a good start," Buddy said to his chum when the lesson was thus ended.

"Yes," agreed Ned. "But it will be a long while before I can knock my heels twice like you do."

That night the weather turned cold and

next day all the ponds, lakes and rivers around Glenford were tightly frozen.

"Hurray!" cried Buddy in delight. "Now for some skating!"

He had brought his skates with him from home and when Henry and Ned came out of school that afternoon they went with Buddy to a safe place on the river where there were already other girls and boys ready for their winter fun.

"Let's have a race!" cried Buddy as he fastened on his skates.

"Sure!" agreed his chums.

"But let's practice a bit first," suggested Henry. "This is the first good skating we've had this winter and I guess we're all a little stiff. We need practice."

So Buddy and the two boys circled about in a little icy cove of the river before starting the race.

CHAPTER XVIII

FOREST GIANTS

"COME on, now!" called Buddy after a while, when he and his chums were in a ruddy, warm glow from their fast practice skating. "Come on if we're going to have that race!"

"Sure, I'm ready!" answered Ned.

"So am I!" said Henry.

"It's too crowded to race here," went on Buddy as he saw what a number of boys and girls had gathered in the cove. "Let's go farther up the river where we can be by ourselves."

"Maybe the ice isn't thick enough there to be safe," objected Ned.

"Oh, I guess it is," spoke Henry. "It won't be any fun to race here. We'll always be bumping into somebody."

So the three chums skated out of the cove and went up the frozen river where there were no other skaters. There they found the ice smooth and hard and they were not long in picking out a place for the race.

"Toe the mark!" cried Buddy as, with one end of a skate, he made a scratch across the ice for a starting line.

"Who will give the word to go?" asked Ned.

"You can," Buddy answered.

"All right then—get ready!" warned Ned.

The three small boys, off by themselves on a part of the frozen river with no one to get in the way of their race, now stood in line on the scratch Buddy had made. They stamped their feet to make sure their skates were firmly fastened to their shoes.

"One!" Ned began to count.

"Two!"

At the word of three they were to start. But before Ned could count three Henry suddenly exclaimed:

"Wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" Buddy wanted to know. "Do you see that bear?" he next asked, eagerly.

"Oh, you and your bear!" laughed Ned. "I don't believe there was ever a bear around here."

"Yes there was!" Buddy insisted.

"Well, I didn't see one," said Henry. "I only wanted you to stop counting so I could tighten my skate—the left one is loose."

"Well, hurry up and fix it!" warned Buddy.

Henry stooped down and, in a few moments, had tightened the loose skate. Then he stood up, stamped his foot to make sure everything was all right and once more Ned began to count.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

As soon as he counted three he darted away as fast as he could skate. Buddy and Henry were away at the same time.

"Click-clack! Click-clack!" the skates of the racing boys rang out on the ice and flashed in the sun. The race was not to be a very long one. Down to where a lone pine tree stood on a point of land, and back again to the starting line, was as far as they had decided to go.

"We can race farther next time if we want to," Buddy had said.

Though not as good skaters as were the larger boys, Buddy and his chums did very well and went quite fast. For a while Ned was in the lead, but the other two soon caught up to him and then all three glided along together evenly.

"I'm going to win this race!" said Buddy to himself, just as he had said it the time he raced on his new roller skates that he had bought with his prize pumpkin money.

He took a long breath and made his legs go a little faster. Then he was ahead of Ned and Henry and he kept the lead until he reached the lone pine tree where he had to turn and go back to the starting line. In making the

turn Buddy slipped a little and Henry and Ned caught up to him, so that when the boys started back they were once more evenly in line.

"But I'm going to get ahead!" said Buddy to himself.

Once more he took a long breath and made his legs go faster so that in a little while he shot ahead.

"Wow!" yelled Henry, who was bigger than Buddy. "I'm not going to let you beat me that way!"

"Neither am I!" shouted Ned.

Both of them struck out hard and fast and caught up to Buddy. Then Ned, by skating with all his might, got ahead and Buddy thought his friend was going to win the race.

But Ned went too fast for his own good. He did not see a little tree branch that was in his path on the ice, and skated over it. This made one foot slip so that he lost his speed and before he could get started again Buddy and Henry had passed him, both even.

"Well, I guess I can't win!" thought Ned to himself as he saw his chums shoot ahead of him. "It will be either Buddy or Henry, and I guess Buddy will win."

Though almost as soon as he had said that Ned saw Buddy slip back a little so that Henry went ahead. And the two were now close to the starting scratch, which was also the finish line.

Then Buddy braced himself hard and, though he was getting short of breath, he made a last, swift spurt and shot ahead of Henry in time to cross the line first.

"You win!" panted Henry as he skated up beside Buddy.

"Yes, and it was a good, fair race, too!" declared Ned.

"Thanks," Buddy answered as he glided over to the bank to sit down. "I'm glad I won fair. But you might have won if you hadn't skated over that piece of wood, Ned."

"Yes, maybe I might. It was my own fault. I should have looked."

The boys were so tired from the race that they had to sit down and rest a little while, but they soon began to feel a bit chilly so they began gliding around again.

Suddenly there was a loud noise, as if a cannon had been fired close by.

"What's that?" asked Buddy. "Are they shooting the bear?"

"That's the ice cracking," said Henry. "It always makes a noise like a gun when it cracks."

"Maybe it's going to break around here," suggested Ned. "We'd better go back to the cove where it's safer. The river isn't so deep there."

"Yes," agreed Buddy, "I guess we had. Come on!"

Before they could start skating back there were more of those booming sounds, like guns being fired, and some cracks appeared in the ice close to where the boys were. They skated toward shore in a hurry. But there really was no danger for the cold weather had frozen

the ice so that it was nearly two feet thick and ice as heavy as this will hold up an automobile. But it was just as well for the small boys to take no chances so they went back to the cove.

There they played games with their friends and watched some of the larger boys do fancy skating, such as grape vine twists, grinding the bar, making designs that looked like the figure 8 and other stunts like that.

It was dark before Buddy and his chums were tired of skating and went home. At the door of his grandfather's house Buddy found his mother waiting for him.

"I was beginning to get anxious about you," said Mrs. Martyne. "You stayed so late I was afraid the ice might have broken."

"It didn't exactly break, but it cracked," said Buddy with a laugh. "And I won a race."

"That's good," his mother answered. "Well, come in now, to supper."

After the meal, and while Buddy was try-

ing to pretend he wasn't sleepy, he heard his father say:

"Well, they're going after the giants tomorrow."

"Giants!" cried Buddy suddenly much excited. "Giants! What giants, Daddy?"

"Forest giants!" answered Mr. Martyne with a laugh. "Do you want to see them get the forest giants tomorrow, Buddy?"

"I sure do!" said the little boy, now quite wide awake. "But what are forest giants?"

CHAPTER XIX

BUDDY'S QUEER RACE

BUDDY suddenly forgot all about being tired from the skating race and all about having been sleepy. He jumped out of his chair.

"Don't tease him," said Mrs. Martyne to her husband. "Daddy doesn't mean real giants, or even fairy story giants," she went on. "He means the men in the lumber camp are going to cut down some of the very biggest trees tomorrow, and these trees are so large they are called forest giants."

"Oh,—big trees!" exclaimed Buddy, somewhat disappointed.

"Yes, that is what I call big trees—forest giants," said Mr. Martyne with a laugh. "And to see big trees cut down, Buddy, is a wonderful sight. When they fall they make

a noise like a big cannon being shot off."

"Oh, will you take me?" the little boy asked, eagerly.

"Yes," his father promised. "I think you will like to see such a wonderful sight."

"But you must go to bed, now, so you can get up early in the morning," warned Buddy's mother. And, after a little further talk with his father, Buddy said good-night and went up stairs.

Bright and early next morning he was awake and heard his father talking in the room below. The smell of sausage and buckwheat cakes came up stairs to Buddy.

"I must hurry!" he said to himself as he began putting on his clothes. "I hope it isn't storming so hard the men can't cut down the forest giants."

He looked out of his window and saw the sun just showing through the trees so he knew it would be a fair day. But it was very cold as Buddy found when he got outside with his father. They were to go to the lumber camp

in a bob sled drawn by one of Grandpa Martyne's horses. And Brick was to be left in the barn, for it was feared he might run around and get under some big forest giant of a tree as it was being cut down. Poor Brick did not like being left in the barn but it was better so.

"I'll be back pretty soon," Buddy said to his dog. Brick wagged his tail hopefully.

The cutting of the big trees was to be done in a part of the woods to which Buddy had not gone before. It was a new tract which had just been bought by the lumber company and it was on this business that Buddy's father had come to Glenford.

From a safe distance the boy and his father watched the lumbermen saw away at the trunks of the big trees. When the saw had cut through a certain distance the tree began to tremble and shake as though blown upon by a strong wind.

"Look out, now!" warned Jake Sparton, the foreman. "She's going to tumble!"

The men called a big tree "she," though Buddy did not know why.

"Everybody back!" warned the foreman and the lumbermen got to places of safety near where Buddy and his father stood. Then the tree began to lean more and more to one side. It was beginning to fall, at first slowly, but then faster and faster until, at last, it crashed down with a big booming noise, sending up a cloud of snow and dirt from the ground.

The first forest giant had fallen.

After that more trees were chopped and sawed down. Then the branches were trimmed from them, the logs were sawed into shorter lengths so as to be more easily loaded on the big sleds and they were hauled to the mill in camp, if they were to be further cut up, or else they were rolled down hill near the river which, when it rose higher with the spring floods, would float the tree trunks to the larger mill, many miles down stream. The saw mill in the camp only cut up the

smaller trees. There were many of them.

Buddy thought he had never had such a good time as on this visit to the lumber camp. But the time of his visit was drawing short, for word had come that in about two weeks more the broken boiler in Clover School would be mended and then classes must start again.

After watching the big trees being cut down, Buddy wandered about the camp for a while, spending some time at the mill which was always a lively place, with the clean smell of sawdust in the air about it.

"Well, sonny, you didn't catch that bear yet; did you?" asked Pod Wagrail who was helping feed logs up to the buzzing saw.

"No," Buddy answered. "Did you?"

"No, I didn't," was the reply. "But I'm going to! I'm going to put a new kind of bait in the trap and that will catch him!"

"I hope you do," said Buddy.

"That bear of yours, Pod, is a joke!" declared Mr. Sparton. "There never was any such animal!"

"Yes there was!" said Buddy. And he little knew how soon his words were to come true.

For several days after that the weather was clear and cold and Buddy went skating a number of times with Ned and Henry when his chums came home from school. Buddy was getting to be quite fast on the steel runners and the river was in good shape for skating, with thick, safe ice all over it.

One morning, when Buddy's father had gone to the lumber camp early, Grandma Martyne came in from the kitchen holding a tin box in her hand.

"Has Clayton gone?" she asked Buddy's mother.

"Yes," was the answer, "why?"

"I'm all out of baking soda," said Grandma Martyne, "and I need some in the kitchen. I was going to ask Clayton to bring me back some from the lumber camp. The cook there is sure to have plenty of soda. But if Clayton is gone, it's too late."

"I'll go to the lumber camp and get you the soda, Grandma," kindly offered Buddy.

"Oh, no, dear, it's too far for you to go alone," objected the old lady.

"It isn't far if I skate down the river, and I can do that," Buddy said. "Let me go, please!"

"There is a short cut down the river to the camp," said Buddy's mother. "I think he can go just as well as not."

"Yes! Let me!" begged Buddy. "I'd love to go!"

"Very well," said Grandma. "I know the ice in the river is perfectly safe for the folks from town have been on it with their horses and sleds. So it will hold Buddy up, all right."

"And it's a fine day and not too cold," added Buddy's mother. "If I had skates I'd go with him myself," she said with a laugh.

"I wish you could!" spoke the red haired boy quickly.

It did not take Buddy long to get ready to

skate to the lumber camp for the baking soda. He buttoned his coat about him, put on his red mittens, pulled on a cap that came down over his ears to keep them warm and soon he was on the bank of the frozen river strapping on his skates.

"If Ned and Henry were here we could have a race," thought Buddy as he started off. "But, being all alone, I'll have to race with my shadow, I guess."

He whistled as he skated along and soon had reached the point of land where he had to leave the river and strike in through the woods to get to the camp, which was not far from the frozen stream.

Buddy's father was surprised to see him, but took his son to the cook who gave Buddy a package of soda for Grandma Martyne. And with this in his pocket, the red haired boy hurried back through the woods to skate home.

"I hope Grandma is going to bake a cake with this soda," thought Buddy to himself as

he put on his skates again. "If she does, I know she'll give me a piece. And I hope it's a chocolate cake."

The river on top of which Buddy was skating was wide in some places and narrow in others. The widest part was near the lumber camp and when the small boy reached the narrow part he knew he was getting near home, though it was more than a mile from where he had started.

For a time Buddy pretended that he was racing with his own shadow, but, as everyone knows, neither one nor the other can get far ahead. For your shadow goes everywhere you go.

Then, all of a sudden, Buddy who was looking down at the ice, saw another shadow than that of himself cast by the sun. It was a big, black shadow and, for a moment, Buddy thought it was made by one of his chums on the river bank.

Buddy looked up and you can imagine how surprised he was when he saw that the shadow

cast on the ice in front of him came from a big, black and shaggy bear on shore not far away. At first Buddy could hardly believe it, but as he rubbed his eyes with his mittened hands, and looked again, there was no doubt of it. There on shore was the big black bear he had seen some weeks before!

"Oh, wow!" yelled Buddy and he started skating up the river as fast as he could go.

But the bear was not going to be left behind this way. Along the bank he ran, shuffling over the snow in clumsy fashion, but going almost fast enough to keep up with Buddy.

"Wow!" cried Buddy again. "This is going to be a queer race!"

CHAPTER XX

SUCH A JOLLY BEAR

SURELY enough it was a queer race. With Buddy gliding along on his skates over the ice of the river and the bear running along beside the red haired boy on the snow-covered shore not far away, it was as strange a race as any you ever heard of, I dare say.

For a few moments Buddy was a little worried lest the bear might come down on the ice after him. But the bear did not seem to be going to do anything of the kind. Perhaps Mr. Bruin knew that if he went on the ice he would slip and stumble, not having on any skates. At any rate the shaggy fellow stayed on shore where his big, sprawling feet took good hold of the soft snow and the dirt over which he ran.

"I've got to be careful now!" thought

Buddy as he struck out faster and faster on his skates. "I must keep as far away as I can from the bank. If I get too close the bear will catch me!"

However the river, even at the most narrow part, was wide enough so that a bear would need very long, extra long paws, in fact, to reach anyone from the shore. And this bear did not seem to want to catch Buddy or do anything to the boy. All the bear seemed to want to do was to race along on shore, keeping even with Buddy.

Buddy was skating as fast as he could, but he did not know how long he could keep up this speed. If the bear had been on the ice perhaps Buddy could soon have left him far behind, for the bear might have slipped and stumbled on the smooth frozen river. But as the bear ran along shore, he had no trouble in keeping right opposite the blue eyed little chap.

For several minutes the two raced along in this fashion and then Buddy saw that he was

nearing the place where, if he wanted to go to his grandfather's house, he would have to leave the ice and strike in on shore through a patch of woods.

"And that's where the bear will catch me—in the woods!" thought Buddy. "On the ice I can skate faster than he can run, but on the ground I guess he can go faster than I can. What am I going to do?"

Buddy hoped that perhaps his grandfather or Zeke, the hired man, might happen to come through the woods toward the river. And if either of them did they could drive away the bear. But as he neared the place Buddy saw no help in sight.

"I guess I'd better keep right on skating up the river!" thought Buddy. "The bear can't get me, then. I guess he's afraid to come on the ice."

He was tired and quite out of breath now, and did not know how much longer he could keep on racing with the bear. But he thought it the only safe thing to do.

Then, all of a sudden, as he was close to the place where he ought to have taken off his skates, if he wanted to cut through the woods and go home, Buddy saw a man running toward the river.

"Oh, there's Grandpa or Zeke!" cried Buddy in delight. "Hey, look at the bear!" he shouted. Then he saw that the man was neither his grandfather nor Zeke. However the man came running on toward the bear and the boy and, Buddy thought, whoever he was he would help in the rescue.

But then a very strange thing happened. No sooner did the man see the bear than the man began to jump up and down in the air, to swing his hat around his head and to shout. And as soon as the bear saw the man, and heard his shouts, why, that bear changed into the most jolly animal you can imagine and began turning somersaults in the snow!

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed Buddy, dragging the toe of one skate along the ice to act as a brake. "What a

funny bear! He acts as if he was in a circus!"

And a moment later, when the man had come closer to the bear, there was another strange performance. For the man, still shouting something in a language that sounded like Gypsy talk, picked up a tree branch, tossed it to the bear who shouldered it as if it were a gun, and then the bear began dancing around the man who sang a queer little song.

"Well, what do you know about that?" said Buddy again. "I wonder if this is all a dream?"

But as he felt the box of soda that the lumber camp cook had given him he knew it was no dream. The man and bear were quite real. Then the man on the shore waved his hand to Buddy and said:

"It's all right, sonny! This bear won't hurt you. He's a tame, performing bear!"

"How do you know he is?" asked Buddy, who still had on his skates and was keeping well out from shore, ready to glide off if any-

thing dangerous happened. And it might.

"Because he is my bear, that I lost and now I have him again and I'm glad!" said the man. "So come ashore. He won't hurt you. He's a tame bear. Was he chasing you?"

"He was sort of chasing me and sort of racing with me," Buddy said.

"Ha! That's it! Sure!" laughed the man who seemed as jolly as the bear himself. "You see this is my performing bear. He and I do acts in circuses and theatres. In one act I put on roller skates and so does Buffo, that's my bear's name, and we race with each other. So when he saw you skating he thought you were me and he raced you."

"Well, I'm glad he's a tame bear," said Buddy as he glided over to the bank to take off his skates. "Is he the one that's been roaming around in the lumber camp woods?"

"Yes, this is the same bear," explained the man who said his name was Petro Dimiti. "He got away from me about a month ago and I've been looking for him ever since. I heard

he was down this way and I've been going from place to place hunting for him, but each time Buffo would be ahead of me, moving along. I just got here and I was going to ask the farmers if they had seen my bear, when I happened to catch sight of him and you and now my search is ended."

"Well, I guess Pod Wagrail will be glad," said Buddy who, now that he knew the bear was a tame one, was not afraid to approach closely. Buffo was sitting on a stump eating some buns which his master tossed to him.

"Who is Pod Wagrail?" asked Petro Dimiti.

"He's a lumberman in a camp near here and he set a trap for your bear," Buddy explained.

"Well, I'm glad he didn't catch Buffo," said the trainer. "Poor Buffo! You are quite thin!" he added, taking hold of the bear's shaggy fur. "Quite thin!"

"I guess he didn't eat much," said Buddy.

"Not much," agreed Petro. "And he had

cold places to sleep, out in the snow and woods; didn't you, old Buffo?"

"I know where he slept part of the time, in a den under a big rock," said Buddy. "My dog smelled him there, but your bear wouldn't come out."

"I suppose he found it snug and warm in there," said Petro. "Well, your troubles are over now, Buffo. You will not run away from me again; will you?"

Buffo seemed to shake his head to answer no, and went on chewing buns.

"What made him run away from you and hide in the woods?" Buddy asked.

"I don't know," the trainer answered. "Bears do queer things, sometimes. But you will not run away from me any more; will you, Buffo?" And again the animal seemed to shake his head and say: "No!"

Then Petro made Buffo do some tricks for Buddy, turning more somersaults, marching like a soldier and climbing a tall, straight tree which had no branches on. Oh, he was

such a jolly bear! You would love him!

"Well, I will go back now," said Petro after putting a muzzle and leading chain on his bear. "I will take Buffo out on a performing trip in the spring. Winter is no time to show a trick bear."

"Where do you live?" asked Buddy.

"Nowhere in particular," the man answered. "I have been traveling about of late, looking for Buffo. But now I have found him I will board at some farmhouse and let my bear sleep in a barn or shed."

"Maybe you could stay in the lumber camp," suggested Buddy. "The men there would like to see your bear do tricks at night."

"That's a fine idea!" cried Petro. "I'll try it!"

And that is what happened. The trainer and his bear went to the lumber camp and Buddy hurried home with the baking soda. At first his mother and grandmother did not know what to think when Buddy told about

his race with the bear and what happened afterward. But a little later word came from the lumber camp that the bear and his master would spend the rest of the winter there.

"Now I guess folks will believe I saw a bear!" said Buddy.

"There is no doubt of it!" chuckled Grandpa Martyne.

"Well, I'm glad the mystery is over," said Buddy's mother.

So there was a bear, after all, and a real, live one, though he was tame and not savage, which was a good thing for Buddy, as Ned and Henry said when they heard the story. You can imagine how surprised they were when Buddy took them to camp and showed them Buffo.

"Gee! I wish I had seen that race!" sighed Henry.

"So do I!" echoed Ned.

"It was funny!" laughed Buddy.

His stay in the snow camp was drawing to a close, for in another week Clover School

would open again, and Mr. and Mrs. Martyne made ready to go back to Mountchester.

But this was not the end of Buddy's adventures by any means. You may read more of them in the next book to be called: "Buddy at Rainbow Lake; or a Boy and His Boat." Some very queer things happened there.

"Well, Buddy, did you have a good time?" asked Lola as he and his dog reached home one snowy night.

"I'll say we did!" cried Buddy. "Didn't we, Brick?"

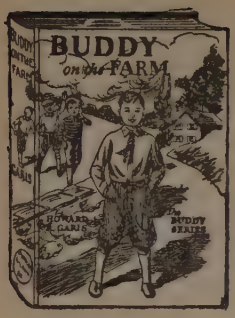
Brick barked his answer and he seemed to agree with Buddy, for he wagged his tail joyfully.

"And I raced with a bear, Lola!"

"No! Did you, really?"

"Sure!" the red haired boy answered, and he told her all about it to Lola's delight.

THE END



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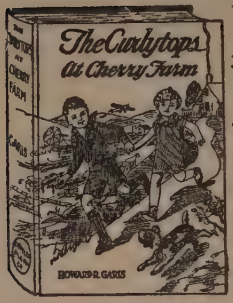

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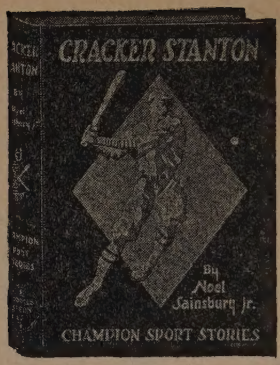

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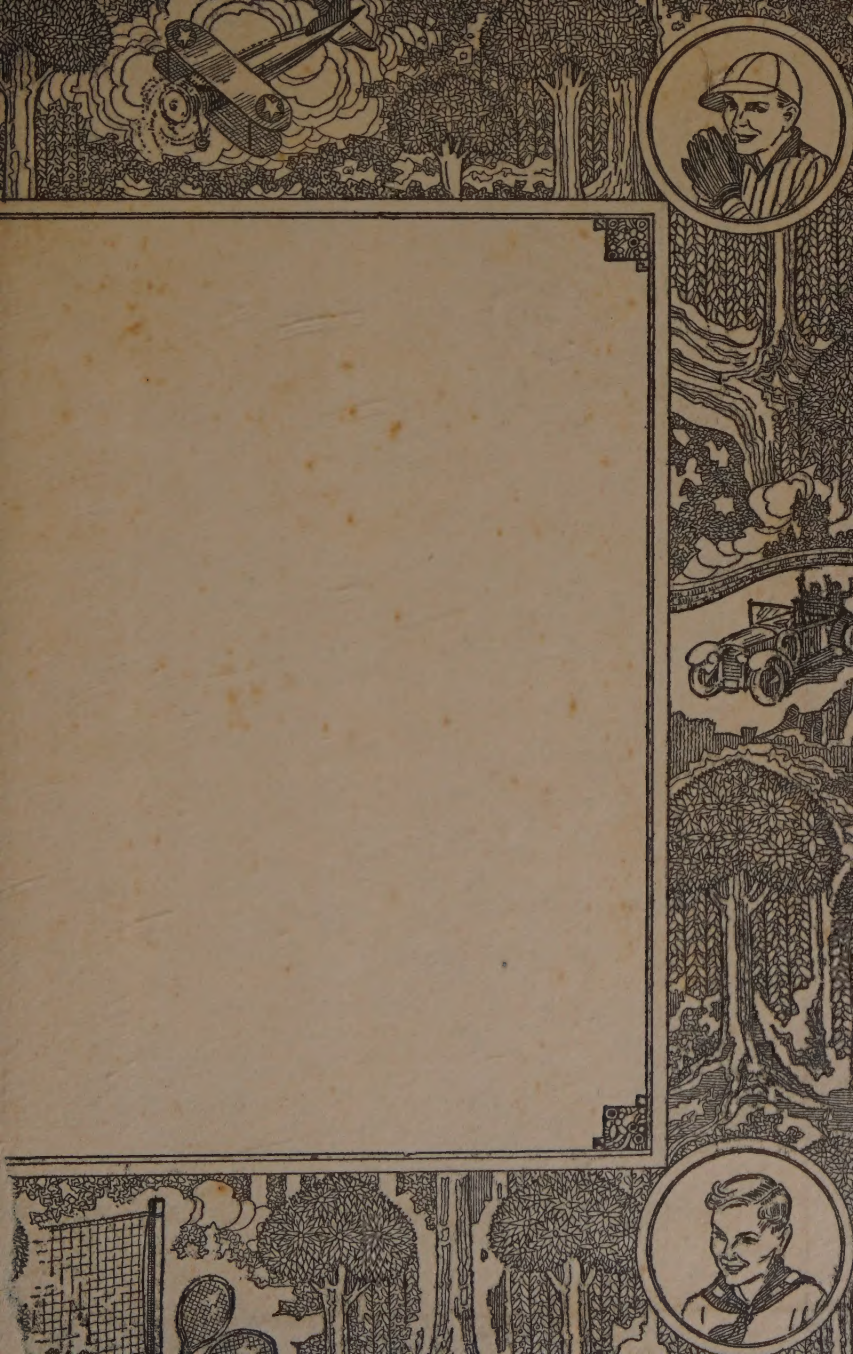

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